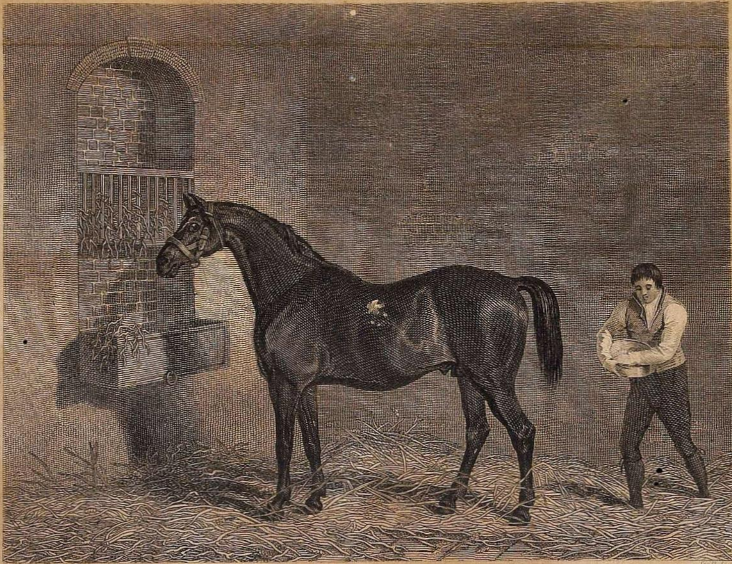

Tomson Pinx. Scott Sculp.

St. GEORGE,

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CONTENTS.

Pedigree and Performances of St. George (with an Engraving) .... Page 97
Bettings on the Derby, &c. 99
Cocking between Norfolk and Cambridge.... 99
Cambridge Duel 99
Disputes between Gentlemen on Points of Honour, &c. 100
Pugilism at Datchet 102
On Hobby Horses 103
Anecdotes of a Raven 104
The Blazers, a Fragment. 105
Rules of Louth Coursing Society 106
Alphabetical List of Stallions to Cover in 1812 108
Amusements of Christmas in Ancient Times 110
Action to recover a Wager of a Rump and Dozen 112
Pedigree of Snowdrop 113
List of the Winning Horses in 1812.......... 114
Presentation of a Silver Cup to the Champion Crib 118
Action (Flaxton v. Cross) to recover the Value of a Horse.......... 120
Stammering Wager 121
Hunting 122
Sporting Obituary 124
Coursing Meetings 126
Detection of Poachers 129
FEAST OF WIT 130
SPORTING INTELLIGENCE 133
To Correspondents 140

POETRY.

A new Hunting Song 141
Louth Coursing Song 141
Pugilistic Song, written by Mr. Lawson 142
The Stewed Gloves and the Dancing Master.. 143
My Bottle! 144
RACING CALENDAR 33
Newmarket Oatlands, 1812 47

Embellished with,

I. *A highly-finished Portrait of the Stallion* St. George.

II. *A correct Likeness of the Greyhound* Snowdrop, *the property of the Rev. F. Best.*

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF ST. GEORGE.

With a correct Likeness of him, engraved by Scott, from a Painting by Clifton Tomson.

ST. George was bred by W. Herrick, Esq. of Beaumanor, near Loughborough, Leicestershire, and is now the property of Mr. Thomas Thompson, of York.

He was got by Highflyer, out of an own Sister to Harmonia, by Eclipse; his grandam, Miss Spindleshanks by Omar, Bolton Starling, Godolphin Arabian, Stanyan's Arabian, Curwen Bay Barb, Old Spot, White-Legged Lowther Barb, out of the celebrated Vintner Mare.

Harmonia was own Sister to Soldier, Gunpowder, &c.; and St. George's dam was also the dam of Brown Charlotte, Adelina, King George, Commodore, and grandam of Lord Sackville's Lucan, &c.—Harmonia was a good runner, and was afterwards a brood-mare in Mr. R. Hamilton's stud in Ireland, and was the dam of Master Bagot, St. Bridget, The Babe, &c.—Master Bagot won *fifteen* times in one year; and The Babe won *nine* times when three years old:—St. Bridget was also a good runner, and was the dam of several excellent racers, &c.—Master Bagot was sire of Honest Ralph, The Hank, &c.

Omar was one of the best-bred horses England ever produced, as

may be seen by reference to the Turf Register, and was peculiarly of a racing family:—He was got by the Godolphin Arabian; his dam by Lath, Childers, Basto, Curwen Bay Barb, &c.—Lath was own brother to Cade; and the Childers Mare was own Sister to Snip, the sire of Snap, &c.

St. George is a brown bay, with a star, and four black legs, and is full sixteen hands high.—His performances were as follow:—

1792, at Newmarket, he beat Sir F. Standish's St. John, 8st. 7lb. Ab. M. 200gs.

1793, at Newmarket, he won a Sweepstakes of 1400gs. B. C. beating Lord Clermont's Speculator, Lord Grosvenor's Cayenne, Duke of Bedford's Lucifer, Lord Grosvenor's John Bull, and Mr. Turnor's Cœur de Lion.

1794, at Newmarket, he won a Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, D. C. beating Sir F. Standish's Kitt Carr, and Lord Egremont's Cinnabar.—Mr. Wilson's Lurcher, paid.—He also received 50gs. compromise from Mr. Wilson's Creeper, D. C. 200gs. h. ft.

1795, at Newmarket, at 8st. 7lb. he beat Mr. Cookson's Huby, 8st. 5½lb. B. C. 300gs.; and in the same Meeting, he received the whip, no horse choosing to run him.

At York, he won the King's Plate, 12st. four miles, beating Mr. Clifton's Chariot, Mr. Cookson's Sauntering Jack, &c.

At Dumfries, he won 50gs. beating Sir H. Williamson's Hambleton.

At Kelso, he won 50gs. beating Mr. T. Hutchinson's Constitution.

At the Caledonian-Hunt, he won the King's Plate, beating Mr. Peacock's Farmer.

1796, at Stockton, he won 50l. for all ages, four-mile heats, beating Chariot and Hambleton.—And

At Dumfries, he won 50l. for all ages, four-mile heats, beating Lord A. Hamilton's grey colt, by Volunteer, four years old.

1797, at Newmarket, at 8st. 2lb. he received 150gs. compromise from Lord Grosvenor's Druid, 8st. R. C. 500gs. h. ft.—He also won the Jockey-Club Plate, beating Sober Robin, Stickler, Amator, and Patriot.

At Stamford, he won 50l. four-mile heats, beating Mr. Dolphin's Roland; and in October,

At Newmarket, he won 50l. for all ages, the last three miles of B. C. beating Yeoman, Druid, William, Roland, Bragger, Lady Jane, Emigrant, and Young Peg.

1798, at Stamford, he won 50l. beating Mr. Girdler's Hare;—he also received a premium, no horse choosing to enter against him.

At Huntingdon, he won 50l. four-mile heats, beating Paynator, Dimple, and Dispute.

At Newmarket, in October, at 8st. 9lb. he received forfeit from Mr. Howorth's Lop, 8st. three miles of B. C. 100gs. 25gs. ft.—He also won 50l. the last three miles of B. C. beating Sparrowhawk and Parisot.—And

1799, at Newmarket, at 8st. 7lb. (when *ten years old*) he received forfeit from Mr. Cussan's Young Spear, four years old, 6st. 12lb. the last three miles of B. C. 300gs. h. ft.

Besides the horses already mentioned, he beat Overton, Coriander, Whiskey, Bennington, Tickle Toby, Hornby Lass, Rattle, Lounger, Centinel, Brobdignag, Mr. Peirse's Rosalie, Mr. Garforth's Catherine, and a great number

of

of other horses which had gained celebrity.

St. George is the sire of many very successful racers; amongst whom may be named Green-Dragon, Sweetwilliam, True-Briton, Bumper, Goblet, (now Bacchanal) Silvio, Cliffe, Harmless, Zodiac, St. Andero, Red-Cross Knight, M'George, Sir H. Williamson's Pan, which won the Derby Stakes at Epsom, in 1808, and several others.

SPORTING—MISCELLANEOUS.

BETTING at Tattersall's on the Derby Stakes.

9 to 1 agst Comus.
14 to 1 agst Brother to Dimity.
14 to 1 agst Whitburn.
20 to 1 agst Dick Andrews filly.

ON THE OAKS.

11 to 2 agst Penny-Trumpet.
10 to 1 agst Dick Andrews filly.
10 to 1 agst Calyba.
12 to 1 agst the filly out of Catherine.
14 to 1 agst Mr. Vansittart's filly, by Johnny.

Mr. Payne's Sister to Crispin, which died about a fortnight ago, was one of the favourites for the Oaks.

There are four or five of the greatest Handicaps, to be run for at Newmarket next Spring, ever known, which completely explodes the report of the races at that place being on the dec...e.

Mr. Garforth's Camillus colt, sold to a Mr. Bruin, of Ireland, for 1500gs., run five times last year, in all of which he was the winner.

D. Bishop, for poisoning horses at the last Spring Meeting, is now confined in London, but will be removed to Cambridge. Mr. Prince, trainer at Newmarket, was in London this month after some others, but the result of his enquiries are not yet known. He appears to take an active part in discovering them, as all the poisoned horses were out of his stables.

COCKING.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Beg leave to inform you, that the grand main of cocks, to be fought at Norwich, between Norfolk and that city against Cambridgeshire, will take place on Monday, the 27th, Tuesday, the 28th, and Wednesday, the 29th days of January next, at the White Swan Inn, Norwich, and not at the King's Head, as stated in your Magazine for October last.—I am, Sir, your constant reader,

S.

Chatteris, Cambridgeshire,
Dec. 24, 1811.

CAMBRIDGE DUEL.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IF the following account of the duel which took place at Cambridge, is considered worthy of a place in your excellent and impartial publication, you will, by inserting it, not only do justice to the cause of truth, but confer a favour upon a mutual friend of the parties,

ties, and your most obedient, and very humble servant. ——.

On Friday evening, the 6th of December, Mr. C—d—r and Mr. D—g—s, of Trinity College, together with a few friends, were dining at Mr. T—n's of the same College; after dinner, Mr. D—g—s declined the cheering Cup of Bacchus, for that of Lethe: in the mean time some wags in company were not idle, for on awaking, Mr. D—— discovered that his face had been blacked; the laugh of course went against him, and he immediately accused Mr. C—d—r of having done it, which Mr. C. denied.—Mr. D. having washed his face, the company retired to Frank Smith's Coffee-house, where Mr. D.'s face was again remarked as being rather smutty.—Mr. D. again accused Mr. C. threatening, if ever he did so again, to kick his a—e. Mr. C. perceiving that Mr. D. was offended, declared upon his honour that he had not been concerned in blacking his (Mr. D.'s) face; and therefore insisted upon his retracting the language he had used, which Mr. D. refused, and repeated his former threat. Mr. C. shortly after left the room. The next morning (Saturday, December 7), Mr. C. having consulted a friend (Mr. C. of St. John's College), sent a note to Mr. D. informing him, that unless a public and unqualified apology was made, he (Mr. C.) should expect other satisfaction.—Mr. C. of Trinity College, whose advice Mr. D. took on this occasion, being at St. Neot's, Mr. C. did not receive Mr. D.'s refusal till late on Saturday evening; the Meeting was therefore postponed till Sunday morning.

Mr. C. accompanied by Mr. C. of St. John's, and Mr. D. by Mr. C. of Trinity, arrived in separate carriages at the appointed ground. Having exchanged shots, Mr. D. made Mr. C. the apology required, and a reconciliation took place.—Mr. C.'s ball grazed Mr. D.'s foot, fortunately without injury to Mr. D. Mr. D. fired his pistol on the ground. On their return to Cambridge, a report was drawn up by the seconds, and handed to those who had witnessed the transaction in Frank Smith's Coffee-house, certifying that a full and ample apology had been made by Mr. D. to Mr. C.

The coolness of both parties in the field is spoken of in the highest terms by the seconds.

The gentlemen were not (as has been reported) brought before the Vice-Chancellor and the Caput: but being both of Trinity College, were examined before the Master and Senior Fellows of that College. They were acquitted for want of sufficient evidence. The postboys, who were the only persons expected to prove that the duel actually took place, having previously received *favours*, very judiciously declared they had been to a *wedding*.

DISPUTES
BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,
On Points of Honour, &c. &c.

IT will be perceived, by a reference to last month's Magazine, that a notification is inserted from J. Johnson, Esq. of Seymour-court, near Great Marlow, inviting qualified sportsmen to kill game on Becking farm, in the parish of Great Marlow, Bucks.

There is a feature in this public invitation, which deserves some notice, from its singularity; and the

the subject itself is deserving of the consideration of every individual, who is zealous and arduous in the cause of human right, and unwilling to see the humbler, but meritorious and necessary members of society, trodden under foot by unfeeling, or opulent neighbours.

It appears from the statement, that Sir William Clayton, Bart. lord of the manor of Great Marlow, has converted a wood, called the Moor Wood, into a preserve for game, and as the said wood is contiguous to Becking farm, the occupier thereof hath been so much injured in his property and agricultural results, that he was forced to quit the said farm, in consequence of the ruin which the said game has produced; and it further sets forth, that when the said farmer applied for compensation to the owner of the preserve, by which he had been annoyed, that his application was treated with scorn, which apparently must arise from an idea that it was unfounded in justice. It now becomes a question of magnitude to farmers in general, to know how far it is in the power of a lord of the manor to violate the rights of nature, agreeably to the protection that may be afforded them by the law of the land; and to prove that if any law has been enacted in dark and undiscriminating periods, that operates to the injury of honest industry, for the mere purpose of upholding the privileges of pleasure, that such a statute should be done away altogether, or so modified that it may not bear too hardly upon the sons of industry, by forcing them, indirectly, to feed a nuisance, that is subversive of the best ends of honourable labour.

In order to prove that this appropriation of a part of Sir William Clayton's estate, to form a preserve for game, is not very disadvantageous to his immediate servants, however detrimental it may be to his industrious neighbours, we have selected an article from the newspapers, in which the profits of this worthy baronet's gamekeeper are brought under the serious consideration of the Property Tax Commissioners, viz.—

'A case, very interesting to Farmers and other occupiers of land, was decided last week before Sir John Dashwood King, Bart. Mr. Copestake Townsend, and other Commissioners of Taxes for the county of Bucks:—It was an appeal, brought by James Woodrowe, gamekeeper to Sir Wm. Clayton, Bart. for the Manor of Great Marlow, against a surcharge made on him for 10*l.* on the estimated income of 100*l.* per annum, arising from profit by the sale of rabbits, taken in the preserves within the said Manor. After a full hearing of the case, the surcharge was confirmed by the Commissioners, and the money ordered to be immediately paid, which was complied with. By this decision, it appears that the profit, which in some Manors is derived to private persons, from those great public nuisances called preserves, is liable to be rated to the Income Tax, and consequently to the poor also—though this is no compensation to the Farmers, at whose cost these wild animals are fed, yet it may be considered as some recompense to the Public.'

Although Sir William Clayton has not deemed it prudent to offer any argument in reply to this plain, but strong statement, by Mr. Johnson, and of course it cannot be duly called "a Dispute," yet as the bearing of the contest between these

these gentlemen involves a spirit of opposition that is declared by one party, and implied by the other, we have held ourselves authorised, in placing this awkward business under the head of Disputes upon Points of Honour. What can be more dishonourable than to use the influence of power to crush the feeble and the unoffending; and what can be more honourable, than to use every rational and admissible means to remove such oppression, and to soften the rigour of a law, that is supposed, by many, to exist in the very teeth of equity, natural privileges, and common sense; for the antiquity of an error is but a feeble apology for its continuation. W.

PUGILISM.

ON the 16th of this month, Datchet Bridge was opened to the Public, when her Majesty condescended to pass over it first, amid a numerous concourse of people assembled to witness the joyful event. The late bridge had been down near sixteen years, and the Public can well appreciate the comforts arising from the opening of the new one. Her Majesty gave a sum towards making the spectators merry, and the inhabitants of Datchet were liberal in providing barrels of beer for the men, and plenty of comfort for the old women, till every house in the village rang with the shouts of the votaries of Sir John Barleycorn.—Whilst the lower order were regaling themselves to their hearts' delight, their patrons had retired to the best Inn in the place to sacrifice to the shrine of Bacchus, in the more exquisite joys of the juice of the grape. A sudden dinner was provided, which brought on conviviality, and the noon was spent in harmony and good fellowship. But as all pleasure is mixed more or less with some portion of alloy, like the dross in beautiful metal, so was the finish of this scene dregged with dross, of no easy or pleasant extraction. A quarrelsome little ugly fate had couched himself at the foot of a man in company (a Keeper of Windsor Little Park), and seemed determined to pinch up its agent to a pitch of ill-natured abuse *to annoyance*, who would listen to his language. It did not appear that this fate cared much *who* was the victim of its agent's abuse, but *some one* it appeared must fall. With much entreaty, and the toast and song going round, it was appeased for a while: when it chanced that George Gosden came into the room to join the company, and to give his good wishes towards the general purport of the meeting, and drink success to the worthy builder of the bridge. But it appears that Gosden committed himself much in appearing in the company of this keeper, *by entering in his livery*; and a bone of contention was raised by the green-coated gent. that George had done wrong in riding over the Bridge *before* her Majesty, it not being in his province to attend on such occasions. Now it seems he was requested to do this, to conduct a horse rode by one of the attendants, which was likely to be restive in a crowd; however, after bearing a long torrent of abuse, he was obliged to have recourse to science, which his age would render him unfit for, if he even possessed the power or inclination. Gosden is near 60, the keeper about 35, or something more; con-

consequently the odds were much in favour of the aggressor; but it was believed at the setting-to, that George had more game, though the other more strength, very muscular, and a stone or two heavier. A ring was cleared, and the combatants stripped for action, with seconds and bottle-holders, in prime style and order. Liquors had little to do with either, therefore much science was expected.

Round 1. Not much sparring or science shewn by either; both seemed to feel the same inclination of licking out of hand, and several blows of consequence told. Blood flowed from the keeper.

Round 2. Handling and lemon in good style. George was the first to call "time," and it was received with a pretty good rally from the keeper. Bets pretty even.

Round 3. A fine rallying round. George gave his adversary a full facer over his guard, and cut his forehead: this produced weakness, or rather *sensibility of feeling*; but a sweeping body blow from the keeper kept bets pretty even still.

Round 4. The keeper hit short, and gave *striking proofs* of a decay in strength, or *something else*, for his blows rather *scratched than struck*: George got through from pluck alone.

Round 5. The keeper received a fall, and bled profusely; threw his blows wide, and they did not tell; shewed a white feather; shirked into corners; terminated much in favour of George.

Round 6. Began with a fine rally by George, who struck his opponent a heavy blow between the eye and temples; he *shewed* he *felt it*; his white feather spread; he could not bear milling: he sat on his second's knee, and after putting his finger to his eye, *very feelingly* exclaimed, with tears nearly bursting, "George, why you will not kill me, George?" "No," replied the game one; "but I will give you a d—n'd good licking yet." "Time."

Round 7. Keeper fought shy; his seconds had a good deal of trouble to keep him up; his claret flowed pretty freely, and *he did not like the colour*. Got a cross buttock, and a cut on the back of his head: grew white about the gills, and in fact, but for his water gruel blood, he was white all over. It was with much difficulty that he could be persuaded to come on again, *to please the company*, to be dressed for ten minutes longer; but he prayed to fight no more, and he received as good a licking as any man could desire, and no more than he deserved.

Now, Mr. Editor, I beg you will not conceive this statement exaggerated, in any one instance, and it is the request of many of your subscribers and readers that it do appear in your ensuing Magazine, as it deeply interests the sporting people in this part of the world.—Your's, &c.

Windsor, 22d December, 1811.

ON HOBBY-HORSES.

ALL mankind, from the king to the cobler, have their *hobby horses*, on which they ride over the course of life; some at full speed, some in a canter, some in a jog-trot, and some in a walk, according to the ebullition or flatness of their animal spirits. Hence arises what natural philosophers term the distinction of character. Now as a *hobby horse* will kick off a king as readily as a cobler, if he ride without judgment, a superiority of rank does

does not always ensure greater ease, happiness or safety; and some philosophers, who have had no more manners than *hobby horses*, have asserted, that as brutes make no distinction between persons, there is really none, and that a cobler is as good a man as a king, and sometimes a better one. It is certain that if some kings have been an ornament, many, and by far the greatest number, have been a disgrace to humanity, and we ourselves believe that a good cobler is better than a bad king, as the former always continues *mending*, and the latter grows worse and worse. There can be no parallel between a *sceptre* and an *awl*; it is, however, an immutable law, laid down by Nature, the steward (or more properly the stewardess) of the course of life, that no man, whether king or cobler, shall ride his *hobby* in such a manner as to injure another; and Justice, who is clerk of the course, is to take care that all who enter their *hobbies* shall run fair, and not *cross* or *jostle* his neighbour. But laws are, with too much truth we fear, likened to cobwebs, in which feeble flies are entangled, whilst more powerful drones break through them at pleasure. These *hobby horses* are only the passions, which impel men through the career of life. All of them, even the most vicious, may be made useful, if they are kept in proper subjection by the view of reason.

ANECDOTES OF A RAVEN.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

YOU have, in the course of your invaluable Miscellany, given several instances of the sagacity, confidence (or, what shall I call it) of birds. Let me, therefore, give you an instance of the tenderness, I was about to say *humanity*, of a raven. He lives, or did live, about three years since, at the Red Lion at Hungerford—his name, I think, was Ralph. You must know, then, that coming into that inn, my chaise run over the leg of my Newfoundland-dog, and while we were examining the injury done to the dog, Ralph was evidently a *concerned spectator*, for the minute the dog was tied up under the manger with my horses, Ralph not only visited, but fetched him bones, and attended upon him with particular and repeated marks of kindness. The bird's notice of the dog was so marked, that I observed it to the hostler, for I had not heard a word *before* of the history of this benevolent creature: John then told me that he had been bred from his pin feather in intimacy with a dog; that the affection between them was mutual; and that all the neighbourhood had often been witnesses of the innumerable acts of kindness they had conferred upon each other. Ralph's poor dog, after a while, unfortunately had his leg broke, and during the long time he was confined, Ralph waited upon him constantly, and carried him his provisions daily! One night, by accident, the hostler had shut the stable-door, and Ralph was deprived of the company of his friend the whole night, but the hostler found in the morning the bottom of the door so pecked, that had it not been opened, Ralph would, in another hour, have made his own entrance-port.—The truth of what I have here stated was confirmed to me by the landlady of the house.

P. T.

THE

For the Sporting Magazine.

THE BLAZERS.

A Fragment—Founded on Fact.

"COME, rouse up my boy Ned!" exclaimed Charles to his brother, who was dosing by the fire side, just as the chimes of the Bath Abbey tolled *two!!* The hint was quickly taken, and, ere ten minutes had elapsed, the brothers, armed *cap-a-pee*, with guns, belts, and powder horns, were tracing the upland path that leads to Lansdown's lofty hills, with the full determination of commencing, under cover of the morning's twilight, a sudden, yet *long premeditated* attack upon the numerous bands of lapwings, which had, throughout many an hard-toiled noon, bade defiance to their "Tales of Fate," and treated the grains of "Pigou and Andrews," with as much indifference as if they had been a pinch of Lundy Foot's high-dried Irish.—Soon as they reached the rustic village of Weston, a well-directed pebble rattled against the window of their old companion Georgius, who, with a vigilant alacrity that none but sportsmen feel, most acceptably answered the well-known signal, by joining his associates, ere they were half a dozen minutes older.—The morning our heroes had chosen for their expedition, was one in the beginning of October. The prospect which presented itself, as they climbed the towering heights, was sublimely picturesque. The various and romantic hills, which, to an extent exceeding forty miles, chequered the surrounding country, were just rendered visible by the first streaks of day; and the fertile valleys, which in verdant luxuriance extended themselves beneath, were partially, yet beautifully tinted by the crimson flames of the glowing coke fires—at one instant resembling a microscopic Ætna; at the next, sinking into smoaky darkness!—At length, by dint of lusty strides, the well-armed trio reached the wonted haunt; but judge how great was their surprise and disappointment, when, after creeping over the turf with cat-like caution for many a weary furlong, not a vestige could they discover of those self-same rascally lapwings!——Whilst our heroes were piously wishing these feathered deceivers all the rigours of a hard winter, at a distance they espied the venerable form of "*Old Robert, the shepherd of Lansdown.*" Famine, poverty, and a shattered frame, are sad bars to human comfort!

Happy he whom *none* of these befall,
But this poor "*Shepherd,*" he had known them all!

At the age of eighteen, did this gallant fellow enter into the army, and under Sir John Ligonier, bore a noble share in the glorious dangers of Fontenoy. Whilst the allies were encamped at Tilbery, in Dutch Brabant, he was publicly thanked and rewarded by the Duke of Cumberland for having nobly rejected the tempting bribes of the emissaries of Count —— Lowendahl; side by side with the immortal Wolfe did he climb the heights of Abraham. In the battles of Culloden, Belleisle, Laffeldt, Minden, Louisburg, Niagara, and Bunker's Hill, he bore a noble and a glorious part.—His limbs are literally seamed with scars, yet these he views with a more gratifying pride, than Peers regard their gorgeous badges of nobility. Leaning on his crook, the veteran was observing the gambles of his faithful

ful dog, when the foiled sportsmen approached; but after exchanging their wonted salutations, how were they overjoyed to find their difficulties dispersed, by the old soldier's declaring he had but half an hour before seen a strong detachment of the enemy, encamped behind a clump of distant firs, which, with his crook, he pointed out:—The trio followed his directions, and their eager ears were quickly cheered by the shrilly sounding cry of "PE-WIT!" Like rattle snakes in a jungle, they creep through the fern and thistles,—*they see them!* —Georgius *fires!*—he *strikes a leash!*—the *flock rises!*—Ned and Charles *blaze into the midst*, and *seven more* join their slaughtered companions on the turf!!—At this auspicious moment the Sun, rising in glorious majesty above the purple-tinted horison, seemed to add a lustre to the triumph! From Marlborough's Downs to Cambria's mountains, the golden brilliancy of his rays extended; the gentle Severn at a distance glistened with the sight; all nature *seemed to rejoice!* Elated with their spoils, the "BLAZERS," cheerfully descended to the valley, and reaching *dear* "Dulce Domum," found assiduous Betty *just* ready to receive them; faithful Dash and Vixen *just* basking by the fire; the tea and sugar *just* rushing into each other's embrace; the bread *just* blushing into toast; the butter *just* melting at the sight; and their own appetites *just* in order to do credit to the health-inspiring gales of LANSDOWN!

LOUTH COURSING SOCIETY.

A Correspondent has favoured us with a copy of the Rules of the Louth Coursing Society, which we hope will not be unacceptable to our readers.—They are as follow:—

1. The society to consist of such respectable sportsmen as choose to subscribe their names to the following rules, and a committee of twelve members to be formed, five of whom may act for the better management and regulation of the said rules, and for the appointment of a treasurer.

2. Every member to pay annually in November, one guinea to the treasurer, to defray the expences of the society, and to purchase cups and couples, to be run for in November, and the February meeting, 1812.

3. The society to meet the second week in November, and the second week in February; to course, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, in each week; and to dine alternately at the New King's Head Inn, the Fleece Inn, and the Mason's Arms Inn——ordinary, three shillings and sixpence each; which is to be paid by each member, whether present or absent; and on each day, immediately after dinner is over, seven shillings each to be collected for liquor.

4. If any member absents himself from the November and February meetings, without sending what may be deemed a sufficient excuse by the committee, shall be judged out of the society.

5. No stranger to be admitted into the society's room, unless introduced by a member, who is to put down the stranger's name, and by whom introduced, on a paper, which is every day to be hung up in the dining room, and no member to introduce more than one friend the same day.

6. Two stewards to be appointed for the day, who are to preside at dinner;

dinner; and each night two other stewards to be named by them, for the succeeding day.

7. The stewards to appoint each an assistant member in the field, to regulate the number of beaters, situation of the company and servants, and to determine what ground to beat.

8. All matches to be entered in the match book, which is to be left in the society's room for the day, and to be run off as they stand in the book; except any gentlemen, when it comes to their turn, are not ready, or wish to postpone the match; it is, in that case, to be put at the bottom of that day's list, and to be run last.

9. Any difference or dispute that may arise, to be referred to the stewards of the day, and their determination to be final.

10. If any person ride over a dog, and stop him in his course, (though the dog were the worst dog in opinion), the party for the offence shall pay one guinea to the treasurer for the benefit of the society, and the match shall be deemed void.

11. That any gentleman desirous of becoming a member of this society, must send his name to the treasurer, who will call a committee, and return him an answer as to his eligibility; and that every newly-elected member do pay one guinea to the fund of the society on admission: and any member wishing to withdraw his name from this society, to give notice of his intention to the treasurer.

12. All future meetings to be held in the second week in November, and the second week in February, unless prevented by frost or snow, in which case all matches made previous to such meetings are off; and the meetings shall be held the first open week in or after November, and the first open week in February, and not later than the second week in March.

13. That no spire-haired dog be allowed to run at any meeting of this society, nor any match made to exceed five guineas.

14. That two silver cups, value twenty guineas each, and two pair of silver couples, shall be provided by the treasurer, one of each to be run for in the November meeting by bitches, and the other to be run for in the meeting in February, 1812, by dogs.

15. That if every member of this society, or more than sixteen of the said members, enter dogs to run for the cup, slips of paper, with the names of the owners of the dogs, and the dogs' names, shall be folded up and put into a hat, from whence sixteen of these papers shall be taken by an indifferent person; and the dogs drawn shall run by braces on the Tuesday, and the eight winning dogs on that day, shall run on Thursday, and the four winning dogs on Thursday shall run for the cup on Saturday, and the second best dog to be entitled to the silver couples; the owners of the sixteen dogs to run on the Tuesday, to pay half-a-guinea each to the treasurer; and the owners of the eight winning dogs, before they start on Thursday, to pay each half-a-guinea more to the treasurer, for the use of the fund.

16. That the dog entered to run for the cup shall be, *bona fide*, the property of the member who names him, at least two months previous to the meetings in November and February, 1812.

17. That the committee will provide a person perfectly qualified to decide all the courses, both matches and for the cups and couples to be

run for in the November and February meetings.

18. That if any member of this society is heard to find fault with the decision of the judge or judges, after the above resolution, he shall be subject to a fine of half a dozen of port wine that day after dinner, when the stewards will call for the wine.

19. That if sixteen bitches and dogs are not entered to run for the cups and couples in the November and February meetings, the eight first-drawn bitches and dogs at each meeting shall start for the same, and be allotted for on Monday previous to the meeting.

20. These rules, with the subscribers' names, to be printed, and each member to have a copy of them, and one copy to be hung up in each of the dining rooms of the respective inns where the dinners are to be provided; and the time of each meeting to be twice advertised in the Stamford paper.

ADAM EVE,
Treasurer to the Society.

October 9, 1811.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS TO COVER IN 1812.

The Figures before each Horse's Name, denote the number of years he will be old next May-Day.

12. CÆSARIO, at Carlton, near Newmarket, at 10gs. and a half.—By John Bull, out of Olivia, by Justice, Squirrel.

9. CAMILLUS, at the White-Wall-House, near Malton, Yorkshire, by subscription, 50 mares at 10gs. each.—By Hambletonian, out of Faith, (the dam of Marcia, Vesta, &c.) by Pacolet.—The subscription is full.

11. CASTREL, at the Royals, near Nantwich, Cheshire, at 10gs. and a half.—By Buzzard, dam by Alexander, Highflyer, Alfred, &c.

6. CERVANTES, at Wentworth-Lodge, near Rotherham, Yorkshire, at 6gs.—By Don Quixote, out of Evelina, the dam of Orville, &c.

14. CHESHIRE-CHEESE, at Knutsford, Cheshire, at 5gs. and a half.—By Sir Peter Teazle, out of Georgiana, by Sweetbriar.

8. CORIOLANUS, at Oatlands, near Weybridge, Surrey, at 3gs. and a half—By Gohanna, out of Skysweeper, by Highflyer.

7. CLINKER, at Killamarsh, Derbyshire, at 5gs. and a half.—By Sir Peter Teazle, out of Hyale, by Phenomenon, Trumpator.

20. DIAMOND, at the same place as Castrel, at 3gs. and a crown.—By Highflyer, dam by Match'em, Snap.

12. DITTO DITTO, at Snitterfield, near Stratford-upon-Avon, at 10gs. and a crown.—Own Brother to Sir Walton, by Sir Peter Teazle.

11. EVANDER, at Mr. Knapton's Farm, Huntington, near York, at 6gs. and a crown.—By Delpini; dam, Caroline, by Phenomenon, out of Faith, the dam of Camillus, &c.

11. FIRELOCK, at Dringhouses, near York, at 5gs. and a half.—By Beningbrough; dam by Tandem, Alfred, out of Brim, by Squirrel.

8. GLADIATOR, at Ten-Crofts' Farm, near Great Marlow, Bucks, at 3gs. and a crown.—By Buzzard, out of a Sister to Champion, by Pot8o's.

10. GOLUMPUS, at Low-Catton, near Kexby-Bridge, seven miles on the Hull road from York, at 4gs. and a half.—By Gohanna, out of Catherine

Catherine, own Sister to Colibri, by Woodpecker.

10. Grimaldi, at Woodstock, Oxfordshire, at 5gs. and 7s.—By Delpini; dam by Weathercock, out of Cora, by Match'em.

15. Haphazard, at Mr. Morland's, Newmarket Farm, Finchley, Middlesex, by subscription, 50 mares, (besides those of his owner) at 13gs.—By Sir Peter Teazle, out of Miss Harvey, by Eclipse.

9. Hedley, at Wingfield-Place, near Windsor, Berks, at 5gs. and a half.—Own Brother to Golumpus, by Gohanna.

9. Julius Cæsar, at Catterick-Bridge, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and a half.—By Alexander, out of Constantia, by Sir Peter Teazle.

20. King Bladud, at Gogerddan, near Aberystwith, at 3gs. and a crown.—By Fortunio, out of Magnolia, by Marsk.

15. Lignum-Vitæ, at Pave-Lane, near Newport, Shropshire, at 3gs. and a crown.—By Walnut, out of Miss Judy, by Alfred.

10, Mountaineer, at Burderop-Park, near Marlborough, Wilts, at 5gs. and a half.—By Magic, out of Amelia, by Highflyer.

11. Newcastle, at the Turf-Coffee-House, in Newton, near Warrington, Lancashire, at 6gs. and a half.—By Waxy; dam by Woodpecker, Match'em.

13. Orlando, at Swarkstone, near Derby, at 6gs. and a crown.—By Whiskey, out of Mountaineer's dam.

13. Orville, at Mr. Kirby's Stables, York, by subscription, 50 mares at 12gs. each.—By Beningbrough, out of Evelina, by Highflyer.

23. Pandolpho, at Hornby-Castle, near Richmond, Yorkshire, at 10gs. and a half.—By Pretender; dam, (Sister to Gnawpost) by Snap, out of Miss Cranbourn, by the Godolphin Arabian.

11. Pavilion, at Garth, near Welch-Pool, Montgomeryshire, at 3gs. and a crown.—By Waxy, out of Totterella, by Dungannon.

6. Paul, without Micklegate-Bar, York, at 5gs. and a half.—By Hambletonian, out of Caroline, the dam of Evander, &c.

9. Podargus, at Henham-Hall, near Wangford, Suffolk, at 10gs. and a half.—By Worthy, out of Prunella, by Highflyer.

14. Quiz, at the same place and price as Podargus.—By Buzzard, out of Miss West, by Match'em.

12. Remembrancer, at Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, at 10gs. and a half.—By Pipator, out of Queen Mab, by Eclipse.

7. Rubens, at Wheeler's Farm, near Wokingham, Berks, at 16gs.—Own Brother to Selim and Castrel, by Buzzard.

23. St. George, at the Bay Horse, without Micklegate-Bar, York, at 11gs.—By Highflyer, out of a Sister to Soldier, by Eclipse.

8. Scud, at Methley-Park, near Ferrybridge, Yorkshire, at 10gs. and a half.—By Beningbrough, out of Eliza, by Highflyer.

10. Selim, at Newmarket, at 21gs.—Own Brother to Castrel and Rubens, by Buzzard.

11. Sir David, at Cantley, near Doncaster, Yorkshire, by subscription 45 mares, at 16gs.—By Trumpator; dam by Woodpecker, Trentham.

12. Sir Oliver, at Altrincham, Cheshire, at 11gs.—By Sir Peter Teazle, out of Fanny, by Diomed.

10. Sir Paul, at the same place as Cervantes, at 5gs. and a crown.—By Sir Peter Teazle: dam, Pewet, by Tandem, out of Termagant, by Tantram.

18. Stam-

18. STAMFORD, at the same place, as Sir David, at 10gs. and a half.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Horatia, by Eclipse, out of Delpini's dam, by Blank.

7. VANDYKE, at Euston, near Thetford, at 21gs.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Dabchick, by Pot8o's, out of Drab, by Highflyer.

13. WALTON, at Gipping-Hall, near Stow-Market, Suffolk, by subscription 40 mares, besides those of his owner (not exceeding ten) at 21gs.—By Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Dungannon, Prophet, out of Virago, (Saltram's dam) by Snap.

9. WARRIOR, at Lytham, near Preston, Lancashire, at 5gs. and a half.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam by Young Marsk, &c.

22. WAXY, at Newmarket, by subscription 40 mares, (besides those of his owner) at 26gs.—By Pot8o's, out of Maria, by Herod, Snap.

9. WHITELOCK, at York, at 5gs. —By Hambletonian; dam, Rosalind, by Phenomenon, out of Atalanta, by Match'em.

6. WIZARD, at Elmsal-Lodge, near Ferrybridge, Yorkshire, at 10gs. and a half.—By Sorcerer; dam by Precipitate, out of Lady Harriet, (Sister to George) by Marc Antony.

18. YOUNG WOODPECKER, at Jervaux Abbey, near Middleham, Yorkshire, at 5gs.—By Woodpecker; dam by Eclipse, out of Rosebud, by Snap.

11. ZODIAC, at Henham-Hall, near Wangford, Suffolk, at 10gs. and a half.—By St. George, out of Abigail, by Woodpecker.

For the Sporting Magazine.

AMUSEMENTS OF CHRISTMAS IN ANCIENT TIMES.

IN the days of our ancestors, Christmas was a period sacred to mirth and hospitality. Though not wholly neglected now, it cannot boast of the honours it once had; the veneration for religious seasons is fled, and old English hospitality is long since deceased. The ancient Christmas gambols were, in my opinion, superior to our modern spectacles and amusements—wrestling, hurling the ball, and dancing in the woodlands, were pleasures for men: it is true the conversation of the hearth-side was the tales of superstition; the Fairies, Robin Goodfellow, and Hobgoblins, never failed to make the trembling audience mutter an Ave-Maria, and cross their chins; but the laughable exercises of blindman's buff, riddling, and question and command, sufficiently compensated for the few sudden starts of terror. Add to these amusements, the wretched voices of the chanters and sub-chanters, howling carols in Latin; the chiming of consecrated bells; the burning consecrated wax candles, curiously representing the Virgin Mary praying the Saint whose monastery stood nearest; the munching consecrated cross loaves, sold by the monks, all which effectually eradicated the spectres of their terrific stories. Nor were these the only charms against the foul fiends and night-mare: sleeping cross-legged like the effigies of knights-templars and warriors, and the holy-bush and church-yard yew, were certain authorities against those invisible beings. After this representation, I may be thought partial to my own hobby-horse as an antiquary, in giving the preference to the amusements of the days of old; but let the sentimental reader consider, that the tales of superstition, when believed, affect the soul with a sensation pleasurably

ably horrid: we may paint in more lively colours to the eye—they spoke to the heart. The great barons and knights usually kept open houses during this season, when their villains or vassals were entertained with bread, beef, and beer, and a pudding, wastel cake, or Christmas kitchel, and a groat in silver at parting; being obliged, in return, to wave the full flaggon round their heads, in honour of the master of the house. Sometimes the festival continued till Twelfth-day, when the baron, or his steward, took the deis, or upper part of the table, and after dinner gave every man a new gown of his livery, and two Christmas kitchels. This kind of liberality endeared the barons to the common people, and made them ever ready to take up arms under their banners.

A register of the nunnery of Keynsham relates, that William Earl of Gloucester entertained two hundred knights with tilts and fortunys at his great manor of Keynsham; provided thirty pies of the eels of Avon, as a curious dainty; and on the Twelfth-day began the plays for knights by the monks, with miracles and maumeries for the benchmen and servants, by minstrels. Here is plainly a distinction made between maumeries and miracles, and the more noble representations comprehended under the name of plays. The first were the holiday entertainments of the vulgar, the other of the barons and nobility. The private exhibitions of the manors of the barons were usually family histories; the monk who represented the master of the family being arrayed in a tabard (or herald's coat without sleeves), painted with all the hatchments of the names. In these domestic performances absurdities were unavoidable; and in a play wrote by Sir Tibbet Gouges, Constance, Countess of Bretagne and Richmond, marries and buries her three husbands in one hour. Sometimes these pieces were merely relations, and had only two characters of this kind, as that in Weever's Funeral Monuments.—None but the patrons of monasteries had the service of monks in performing plays on holidays, provided the same had nothing against God or the Church. The public exhibitions were superior to the private, the plot generally the life of some pope, or the founder of the abbey the monks belonged to. I have seen several of these pieces, mostly in Latin, and cannot think our ancestors so ignorant of dramatic excellence as the generality of modern writers would represent: they had a good moral in view, and some of the maumeries abound with it, which, though low now, was not so then. Minstrels, jesters, and mummers, was the next class of performers; every knight had two or three minstrels and jesters, who were maintained in his house, to entertain his family in their hours of dissipation. These Chaucer mentions in the following passages:—

"Doe comme, he saied myn mynstrales,
And jestours for to tellen us tales
Anon in my armyage,
Of romances yatte been royals
Of popes and cardinals,
And eke of love longyne."

Rime of Sir Thopas.

"Of all manere of mynstrales
And jestours thatte tellen tales,
Both of weepinge and of yame,
And of all that longeth unto fame."

Third Book of Fame.

T. C.

ACTION

ACTION TO RECOVER A WAGER OF A RUMP AND DOZEN.

Court of Common Pleas, Dec. 7.

Hussey *v.* Crickett.

MR. Campbell stated, that this was an action on a wager of a rump and dozen, whether the defendant was older than the plaintiff?

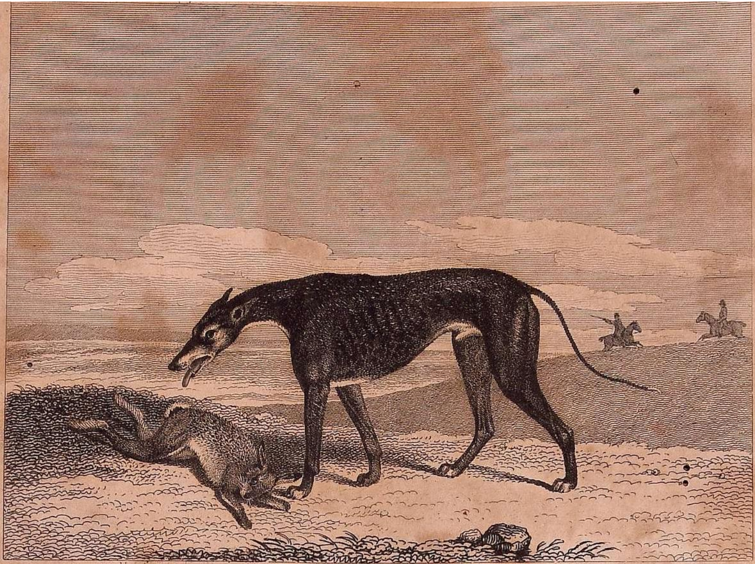
Sir James Mansfield expressed some doubts, whether he was bound to try such a cause.

Mr. Serjeant Vaughan, counsel for the defendant, observed, that his Lordship certainly was not; and mentioned two cases before Lord Loughborough and Lord Ellenborough, where those learned and noble Judges had refused to try causes arising out of frivolous and absurd wagers.

Mr. Campbell said, the case before Lord Loughborough proceeded on the ground of the wager being illegal, the question being, whether 11 be the nick to 7, in playing the game of hazard, which is forbidden by act of parliament.—Lord Ellenborough refused to try the other cause referred to, because the wager was on a point of law, saying that the most difficult points might thus be raised for the decision of the Courts, in which the parties had no real interest. But the bet here was perfectly legal, and was a mere matter of fact for the determination of the Jury.—It was a principle of our law, that an action might be maintained on a wager when not contrary to public policy, or leading to an indecent evidence, like the wager on the sex of the Chevalier D'Eon. And he cited a case before Mr. Justice Lawrence, at Stafford, where an action was brought on a wager of six guineas, that a horse called Bob Booty should win the King's Plate at the next Litchfield Races.

Sir James Mansfield said, the trial might proceed: but he wished the case to be brought before the Court next Term, as he would not again try such a cause, without the authority of a Court of Justice.

Mr. Serjeant Best, leading Counsel for the plaintiff, then, with great humour, stated the facts of the case, as they afterwards came out in evidence. The plaintiff was an attorney, and the defendant a proctor. Being members of Furnival's Inn, they were dining there in May, 1809, when a dispute arose about their respective ages. Each insisted that the other was older, and at last a bet of a rump and dozen was laid upon this important point. The bet was reduced into writing, but not signed by the parties. Nothing further was done upon it till Friday the 8th of June in the following year, a short time before the members of Furnival's Inn were to separate for the long vacation. Those who were present when the bet was laid, then became very clamorous for the rump and dozen, and it was agreed that the matter should be arranged in the hall the following day. Mr. Crickett upon this occasion appointed a Mr. Keene, as he was going himself to his country house, to act for him in fixing a day for having the dinner and deciding the bet. Mr. Hussey and Mr. Keene fixed upon the Thursday following, and a splendid dinner was ordered at the Albion tavern in Aldersgate-street, when and where the registers of baptism were to be produced. Mr. Crickett had notice of the time and place, but did not attend. On the registers being inspected, it turned out that



C Towson Pinx.t

SNOWDROP,

Published Oct.r 31.st 1811. by J. Wheble, 18, Warwick Square, London.

that he was older than Mr. Hussey not less than five years. The party partook of the dinner, with plenty of wine (which was the meaning of a rump and dozen), and the expence amounted to 18l. The learned Serjeant read the bill of fare, which he observed was very suitable to the company, who were all attornies. There was *hodge-podge* for the equity practitioners, and *tongue and brains* for the common lawyers. At the head of the table, where the winner sat, stood the *rump*, and at the bottom, where a place was reserved for the loser, he was represented by a *roast goose*.

Mr. Serjeant Vaughan said, his client was a gentleman of great respectability, and son of the late Marshal of the Admiralty. He insisted that the bet could not have been definitively laid, from its not being signed by the parties. The memorandum was drawn up without his authority or consent. He commented with great humour upon the eagerness of the gentlemen of Furnival's-inn for a rump and dozen, and occasioned much laughter by pointing out the circumstance that the memorandum of the bet having been accidentally torn into several pieces, it had been pasted by these legal gentlemen upon an old worn-out *latitat*. He contended, that, as the defendant had given no authority to order or pay for the dinner, he was not liable for the tavern bill, and the plaintiff could not recover more at any rate than the value of one dinner for himself; which, allowing him to eat five pounds of beef, to be washed down with a bottle of port, would come to somewhere about ten shillings.

Sir James Mansfield told the Jury he had never before known an action brought upon such a wager, and he was very much at a loss how to put any legal construction upon it. If the loser of such a bet refused to provide the dinner, it never had been imagined that the winner could order the dinner, invite the guests, and charge the loser with the whole expence. Therefore, unless Mr. Keene in this case had authority from the defendant to order the dinner, as well as to fix the day, the plaintiff could only maintain his action for a breach of the agreement to give the rump and dozen. If the Jury believed Keene had such authority, the plaintiff would be entitled to a verdict for the amount of the tavern bill. If not, he could only recover a compensation for his individual loss from a rump and dozen not being provided. This it was not easy to estimate; but the Jury would hardly be disposed to carry above one shilling.

Verdict for the plaintiff, damages, 18l.

The favourite wager of a *rump* and *dozen* may therefore now be termed a *Judge* and *Jury!*

SNOWDROP.

With a correct Likeness of that celebrated Greyhound, from a Painting by Clifton Tomson.

SNOWDROP is the property of the Rev. Francis Best, of South Dalton, Yorkshire. This celebrated greyhound was the son of Major Topham's dog Snowball, and was one of the last of his breed. Like his father, he won four Cups at the Malton Coursing Meeting, and shewed himself invincible.

A COMPLETE LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES, &c. IN 1811.

Ages. GOT BY ALARIC (SON OF PETWORTH). *No. of Prizes.*

4. GENSERIC, Mr. Morgan's, 120gs. at Epsom; 50l. at Guildford; 50l. at Ascot; the City Silver Bowl at Salisbury; and 50l. at Abingdon 5

BY ALEXANDER (DEAD).

5. Benvolio, Lord Grosvenor's, 50gs. at Newmarket........ 1
3. Berecynthia, Lord Wilton's, 60gs. at Knutsford 1
6. Berenice, Lord Wilton's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Newcastle, Staffordshire 1
4. Boadicea, Mr. E. Jones's, 50l. at Nantwich; Mr. Shawe's, 60gs. at Newcastle, Staffordshire; and 50l. at Hereford 3
4. Hephestion, Mr. Ladbroke's, 800gs. at Newmarket; Sir H. Lippincott's, 15gs. and 100gs. at Bibury; 70gs. at Bath; and 50l. at Stockbridge........ 5

BY ALEXANDER THE GREAT (SON OF ALEXANDER).

4. Chesnut Filly, (dam by Buzzard) Lord Suffield's, 50l. at Yarmouth 1

BY ALONZO (SON OF PEGASUS).

3. Bay Filly, (dam by Star) Mr. Curtis's, 75gs. at Swaffham 1

BY AMBROSIO (SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE).

3. Chesnut Colt, (dam by Dubskelper) Mr. Mills's, 50gs. at Abingdon 1
5. Chesnut Horse, (out of Vulture's dam) Mr. Lucas's, 40gs. at Abingdon 1
5. Huntingdon, Lord Suffield's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. and 70l. at Huntingdon; 50l. at Beccles; and 50l. at Yarmouth 4
6. Matilda, Mr. Whitmore's, 100gs. at Kingscote; Mr. C. Day's, 50l. at Chippenham 2

BY ARCHDUKE (SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE).

7. Spitfire, Gen. Seddon's, 45gs. and 42gs. at Durham; 50gs. at Lamberton; and 50l. at Edinburgh 4

BY BENINGBROUGH (SON OF KING FERGUS).

3. Bacchus, Duke of Hamilton's, 100l. at Pontefract 1
5. Diana, Lord Montgomerie's, 50l. at Newcastle; 50l. at Lamberton; and 50gs. at Dumfries 3
3. General Graham, Mr. Shawe's, 50l. at Shrewsbury 1
7. Hylas, Mr. Lewis's, 35gs. at Swansea; 50l. and 140gs. at Haverford-West; Mr. Madocks's, 200gs. and 44gs. at Trè-Madock .. 5
3. John Hutchinson, Mr. Dinsdale's, 125gs. at Catterick........ 1
4. Oriana, Sir W. Gerard's, one of the Subscription-Purses of 233l. 15s. at York 1
4. Rovedino, Mr. W. Hutchinson's, the Ladies' Plate at York...... 1
3. Sweetlip, Mr. Benson's, 100gs. at Chester; and 40gs. at Manchester........ 2
4. Trophonius, Lord Darlington's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 120gs. at Preston; and 190gs. at Doncaster........ 2
3. Wellington, Mr. Bower's, 50l. at Penrith 1
7. White-Rose, Captain Ilbert's, 50l. at Totness; and 50l. at Exeter 2

Ages. BY BISHOP. *No. of Prizes.*

6. Brown Mare, Mr. Whittington's, 50gs. at Warwick ....?.. 1

BY BOASTER (SON OF DUNGANNON).

3. Banker, Mr. Powell's, 70gs. at Lichfield 1
3. Bay Colt, Mr. Bird's, 50gs. at Newmarket 1
3. Bully, Col. King's, 50l. at Grimsby 1
4. Hopeless, (late Little Jack) Mr. Taylor's, 50l. at Oxford; and 45gs. at Chippenham 2

BY BOBTAIL (SON OF PRECIPITATE).

4. Sprite, Mr. Shakespear's, 6gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket........ 2

BY BRASS (SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE).

6. Caroline, Mr. Mewburn's, 200gs. at Peterborough............ 1

BY BUZZARD (SON OF WOODPECKER.)

10. Bustard, Mr. Goddard's, 50l. and 25gs. at Maddington; 75gs. at Bibury; Mr. M. Dilly's, 50l. at Taunton; and 50l. at Blandford; Mr. Parsons's, 46l. at Basingstoke 6
7. Invalid, Mr. Howorth's, 50gs. 30gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket .. 3

BY CÆSARIO (SON OF JOHN BULL).

4. Cockspinner, Mr. Shawe's, 60gs. at Chester; Mr. Duckworth's, 50l. at Oswestry 2
4. Donna Clara, General Gower's, 250gs. at Newmarket; and 50gs. at Ascot 2
4. Eccleston, Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 200gs. 400gs. 200gs. 425gs. 200gs. 200gs. 200gs. 200gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket........ 9
4. Fourth of June, Mr. Bailey's, 70l. at Newton; 50l. at Nantwich; and 50l. at Broxash.. 3

BY CAMILLUS (SON OF HAMBLETONIAN).

2. Chesnut Colt, Mr. Garforth's, 70gs. at Malton; 130gs. at York Spring Meeting; 120gs. at York August Meeting; 80gs. at Pontefract; and the Fitzwilliam Stakes of 100gs. (all ages) at Doncaster 5

BY CARDOCK (DEAD).

a. Silverheels, Mr. R. Hill's, 60gs. at York Spring Meeting; 70gs. at Pontefract; 60gs. at Doncaster; and 50gs. at Richmond .. 4

BY CASTREL (SON OF BUZZARD).

3. Chesnut Filly, Mr. Richardson's, 50l. at Goodwood............ 1

BY CAUSTIC (SON OF MERCURY).

6. Ringtail, (late Blue-Devil) Mr. Gibben's, 50l. at Guildford...... 1

BY CHANCE (SON OF LURCHER).

3. Grimalkin, Mr. T. Duncombe's, 80gs. at Malton; 100gs. at Pontefract; and the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Doncaster........ 3
3. Speculator, Sir G. Armytage's, 100gs. at Doncaster............ 1

BY CHESHIRE-CHEESE (SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE).

4. Cheesefactor, Mr. C. Cholmondeley's, 90gs. and 50l. at Oswestry; also 90gs. at Holywell 3
4. Cheshire-Round, Sir Windsor Hunloke's, 50gs. at Knutsford.... 1
3. Cross-Bow, Mr. Glover's, 140gs. at Chester................ 1

 5. Cumberland,

Ages. *No. of Prizes.*

5. Cumberland, Mr. Glover's, 90gs. and 40gs. at Lichfield; also 140gs. at Leicester 3
4. Glocester, Mr. Vansittart's, 50gs. at Newmarket 1
2. Miss Cheese, Mr. C. Cholmondeley's, 50gs. and 50gs. at Holywell 2

BY COCKFIGHTER (DEAD).

3. Chance, Marquis of Queensberry's, 60gs. and 50l. at Kelso; 100gs. at Dumfries; and 50gs. at Hamilton. 4
3. Cowslip, Sir G. Armytage's, 50l. at Chesterfield 1
4. First-Fly, Mr. E. L. Hodgson's, twice 50l. at Derby; 50l. at Chesterfield; also 125gs. and 50gs. at Pontefract. 5
3. Merryfield, Mr. Jacques's, 140gs. at Richmond 1
4. Violante, Mr. Harrison's, 50l. at Grimsby; and the King's Plate at Lincoln 2

BY CORIOLANUS (SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE).

4. Morgiana, Lord Oxford's, 200gs. at Newmarket; Captain Chambers's, 70gs. at Bridgenorth; 50l. at Broxash; 50gs. and 50l. at Hereford; 55gs. at Walsall; and 90gs. at Stafford 7

BY DELPINI (DEAD).

4. Allegro, Mr. R. Canning's, 60l. at Bath 1
4. Atalanta, Sir W. Gerard's, 70l. at Preston; and 50gs. at Ormskirk 2
3. Bay Colt, (Brother to Sir Launcelot) Mr. Hill's, 50l. at Doncaster 1
2. Bay Filly, (dam by Dart) Mr. Barrett's, 60gs. at Catterick; and 60gs. at Richmond 2
4. Bustler, Mr. Goodisson's, 50l. at Newmarket 1
3. Cerealia, Mr. J. Hodgson's, 50l. at Newcastle 1
4. Deceivio, Mr. Hesseltine's, 50l. at Hambleton; 50l. and 60l. at Morpeth; also 50l. at Stockton 4
4. Fitzjames, Sir T. Stanley's, the Earl of Chester's Plate of 100gs. at Chester; the Loyalty Cup, value 100gs. with 110gs. in specie, at Ormskirk; and 70gs. at Knutsford 3
4. Ganymede, Mr. Hotham's, 50l. at Pontefract; and 50l. at Lincoln 2
3. Harriet, Mr. Uppleby's, 125gs. at York; and 50l. at Beverley .. 2
4. Ironsides, Mr. Brett's, a Stakes and a Gold Cup at Burton Hunt 2
3. Juno, Mr. Shepherd's, twice 50l. at Stockton 2
5. Lutwyche, Mr. Benson's, 60gs. at Chester; 130gs. at Shrewsbury; and 75gs. at Wrexham 3
4. Sledmere, Sir B. Graham's, 300gs. at York; 25gs. at Hambleton; and the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Northallerton. 3
5. Wildgoose, Mr. Treacher's, 40gs. at Doncaster. 1

BY DIAMOND (SON OF HIGHFLYER).

4. Bay Colt, (dam by Sir Peter) Sir W. W. Wynne's, 71l. at Worcester, and 65gs. at Oswestry. 2
4. Champion, Mr. Dyott's, 50gs. at Lichfield; 105gs. at Leicester; and a Silver Cup at Oswestry. 3
4. Locket, Mr. West's, twice 50l. at Oxford. 2
3. Miss Holland, Mr. Shawe's, 50l. at Burton-on-Trent 1

BY DICK ANDREWS (SON OF JOE ANDREWS).

2. Master Richard, Duke of Hamilton's, 120gs. at Doncaster 1

3. Sly

Ages. *No. of Prizes.*

3. Sly Dick, Mr. C. Day's, 76l. 5s. at Abingdon 1

BY DON QUIXOTE (DEAD).

4. Amadis, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 100gs. at York Spring Meeting; the Produce Stakes of 1150gs. at York August Meeting; also the Produce Stakes of 650gs. and 75gs. at Doncaster 4
5. Cervantes, Lord Milton's, 59gs. at Pontefract 1
5. Jeremy, Mr. Pope's, 50l. and 50gs. at Goodwood; Mr. Hammond's, 50l. at Swaffham.. 3
5. Levant, Mr. Hallett's, 50l. at Reading 1
4. Toledo, (late Ball) Sir W. W. Wynne's, 50l. at Ludlow, and 50l. at Bridgenorth.. 2

BY YOUNG DRONE (SON OF DRONE).

3. Folly, (Sister to Spaniard) Mr. Sisson's, 140gs. at Stamford; and 50l. at Leicester 2
5. Spaniard, Lord Foley's, 200gs. at Newmarket.—*(Spaniard drank of the poisoned water)* 1

BY DOTTEREL (SON OF BUZZARD).

3. Rail, Sir H. Lippincott's, 75gs. at Bibury; The Gold Cup, value 100gs. and a Stakes at Blandford 3

BY DUNGANNON (SON OF ECLIPSE).

6. Augur, Lord Waldegrave's, 45gs. at Chelmsford.............. 1

BY EAGLE (SON OF VOLUNTEER).

4. Aiglette, Mr. Benson's, 60l. at Manchester.................... 1
4. Asmodeus, Lord Darlington's, 50l. at Newmarket; Lord F. Bentinck's, 100gs. 150gs. 200gs. and 35gs. at Newmarket; Lord Jersey's, 50gs. and 50gs. at Newmarket.................. 7
3. Chesnut Filly, (out of a Sister to Petworth) Lord Suffield's, twice 50l. at Yarmouth; and 20gs. at Newmarket................ 3
3. Leon Forte, Sir M. M. Sykes's, 50l. at Beverley 1
3. Macao, Mr. Lloyd's, 200gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket 2
4. Mr. Edward, Mr. Ladbroke's, 50l. at Newmarket; 50gs. and 120gs. at Ascot; also 50gs. at Newmarket 4
4. Pheasant, Lord F. Bentinck's, 20gs. at Newmarket 1

BY EXPECTATION (SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE).

5. Glassblower, Mr. Whitmore's, 100gs. at Bibury; and 75gs. at Holywell-Hunt 2
5. Patience, Mr. Treacher's, 100gs. at Beverley; and 50gs. at Richmond 2

BY GAMENUT (SON OF WALNUT).

3. Bay Filly, (out of Dandelion) Mr. Northey's, 50gs. at Ascot 1

BY GENERAL.

a. Bay Gelding, Mr. Jones's, 62l. 10s. at Knighton 1
a. Fanny, Mr. Adams's, the Hunters' Stakes at Ludlow 1

BY GEORGE (SON OF DUNGANNON).

4. Lord Wellington, Mr. Brown's, 60gs. at Newcastle, Staffordshire 1

BY GLAUCUS (SON OF DIOMED).

5. Bay Gelding, Sir W. W. Wynne's, 50gs. at Holywell 1

BY

Ages.	BY GOHANNA (SON OF MERCURY).	No. of Prizes.
4.	Bay Colt, (out of Carthage) Lord Egremont's, 50gs. at Goodwood	1
3.	Bay Colt, (dam by Young Woodpecker) Sir T. Mostyn's, 60gs. at Holywell	1
3.	Bay Filly, (out of a Sister to Chester) Mr. Payne's, 50gs. at Newmarket	1
2.	Bay Filly, (Sister to Golumpus) Lord Egremont's, 250gs. at Egham; also 50l. and 100gs. at Newmarket	3
3.	Brightonia, Lord Egremont's, 50gs. at Lewes; and 50l. at Newmarket	2
9.	Cerberus, Mr. Watt's, 50l. at Beverley	1
6.	Cestrian, Mr. Egerton's, 70l. at Newton; 70l. at Knutsford; 90gs. at Shrewsbury; 135gs. at Wrexham; and 130gs. at Holywell-Hunt	5
3.	Dorina, Mr. Biggs's; 50l. at Winchester; 95gs. at Newbury; 230gs. at Kingscote; and 50l. at Monmouth	4
7.	Election, Lord Egremont's, the King's Purse at Guildford	1
4.	Homespun, Mr. Fellowes's, 150gs. at Exeter	1
4.	Jereboam, Mr. Blake's, 125gs. at Newmarket	1
4.	Interloper, Mr. Payne's, 50l. and 200gs. at Newmarket	2
3.	Mountebank, Mr. Payne's, 60gs. at Newmarket	1
3.	Orelia, Lord Egremont's, 400gs. and 50gs. at Brighton	2
4.	Quin, Mr. Egerton's, 50gs. at Chester; and 50l. at Bridgenorth	2
4.	Rabbit, Mr. Baldock's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Lewes	1
5.	Reading, Sir F. Evelyn's, 60gs. at Brighton; and 50l. at Lewes	2
4.	Ringdove, Lord Sackville's, 104gs. at Bibury; Sir J. Hawkins's, 100gs. at Bath; and 25gs. at Kingscote	3
4.	Romana, Mr. Biggs's, 80gs. at Maddington; 50gs. at Bibury; 60gs. and the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Winchester; and the King's Purse at Salisbury; Mr. Goddard's, 80gs. at Stockbridge; and 70gs. at Exeter	7
6.	Scorpion, Lord C. H. Somerset's, 100gs. and 50gs. at Newmarket; 180gs. at Bibury; and the King's Purse at Winchester; Lord Lowther's, 100gs. at Brighton; Lord C. Somerset's, 60gs. at Lewes; also 120gs. and 80gs. at Canterbury	8
7.	Skeddaw, Lord Egremont's, 50l. at Goodwood	1
3.	Stingtail, Mr. Craven's, 180gs. and 50l. at Newmarket	1
4.	Turtle, Mr. Cope's, 100gs. at Ascot	1

To be continued.

PRESENTATION OF A SILVER CUP TO THE CHAMPION CRIB.

OUR readers have been already informed, that the friends and patronisers of boxing had resolved to present Crib with a piece of plate, in honour of his victories.—The subscriptions entered into for the purpose were ample, and a very handsome Silver Cup was therefore made of the value of eighty guineas, on which were engraved the arms of the champion, exactly similar to the design given in the *Sporting Magazine* for October last. The cup is supported by a figure resembling

resembling the sable Molineux, who is kneeling under its weight.

The day appointed for its presentation, was on Monday, the 2d instant, when a numerous assemblage of those both high and low in the *fancy* assembled at Gregson's, the Castle Tavern, in Holborn, and, previous to the ceremony, partook of a good and plentiful dinner, Crib presiding in the Chair.

After the cloth was withdrawn, and the usual loyal toasts had gone round, Mr. Emery having been unanimously voted to present the cup at a previous meeting of subscribers, he was called on to gratify their wishes in that respect. The cup having been brought into the room, Mr. Emery rose, gave "Crib, the Champion of England;" and addressed the Chairman as follows:—

"THOMAS CRIB,—I have the honour this day of being the representative of a numerous and most respectable body of your friends; and though I am by no means qualified to attempt the undertaking which has devolved on me by a vote of the subscribers, yet the cause will, I am confident, prove a sufficient excuse for my want of ability. You are requested to accept this cup as a tribute of respect, for the uniform valour and integrity you have shewn in your several combats, but most particularly for the additional proofs of native skill and manly intrepidity displayed by you in your last memorable battle, when the cause rested not merely upon individual fame, but for the pugilistic reputation of your native country, in contending with a formidable foreign antagonist. In that combat you gave proof that the innovating hand of a foreigner, when lifted against a son of Britannia, must not only be aided by the *strength* of a lion, but the *heart* also.

"The fame you have so well earned has been by manly and upright conduct, and such conduct, I have no doubt, will ever mark your very creditable retirement from the ring or stage of pugilism.—However intoxicated the cup or its contents may at any future period make you, I am sufficiently persuaded the gentlemen present, and the sons of John Bull in general, will never consider you have a *cup* too much."

After the cup had gone round filled with wine, Crib returned thanks in the following brief manner:—

"GENTLEMEN—For the honour you have done me in presenting this cup, I most respectfully beg of you to accept my warmest thanks."

But a circumstance occurred which gave rise to some merriment; the champion omitted to drink the health of his patrons. Mr. Emery again rose, and reminded Crib of his mistake, and observed that the champion's feelings were too much overcome by gratitude to think of that which he had neglected, and also to give utterance to what he intended to have said on the occasion.

Harmony was then proceeded in, and some excellent songs were given by professional amateurs, one of which, at some length, to the tune of the Christening of Joe, traced the champions, with some happy points, from the time of Big Ben, giving credit to a Pearce, a Belcher, a Gully, and a Crib.—This song, written by Mr. Lawson, will be found in our *Poetical Department.*

The

The toasts were numerous, and amongst them were—

"The Bristol Nursery, and Scotch Training."

"Lord Wellington, and the brave *millers* under his command."

"The Navy, our proud bulwark."

The most prominent gentlemen who patronise pugilism were toasted with three times three.

About one hundred persons were present. In handing round the cup, Mr. Jackson, Gully, Gregson, and J. Ward, who presided as *Vice*, were severally cheered by the company.

ACTION TO RECOVER THE VALUE OF A HORSE.

Tried in the Court of King's Bench, Guildhall, December 17, before Lord Ellenborough.

Plaxton *v.* Cross.

THIS was an action of trespass, brought to recover the price of a horse, the property of the plaintiff, which the defendant had killed by driving his gig against the animal.

The plaintiff, a gentleman of property, residing at a place called Cudham, about eight miles from town, sent his servant to Bromley, on the 12th of October, in a one-horse chaise, to Mr. Barth, a farrier, who lives there. Between six and seven o'clock in the evening, as the servant was returning to Cudham, with Mr. Barth in the chaise, the defendant, who is a coachmaster, drove his gig violently against them. One of the shafts penetrated the flank of the plaintiff's horse about sixteen inches, and killed him almost immediately. The plaintiff's servant was driving on his proper side of the road, but the defendant was not. The horse was valued at forty guineas.

This statement was fully supported by the evidence of Burgess, the servant of Mr. Plaxton, who was driving, and of Mr. Barth, the farrier.

Mr. Tanner, of the Custom-house, and his servant, Abner Ellum, who witnessed the transaction, deposed to the same facts. The plaintiff's servant was driving at a moderate pace, on the proper side of the road. Defendant, on the other hand, was going extremely fast, and crossed the road, apparently for the purpose of coming in contact with the chaise. There was plenty of room in the place where the circumstance happened. The road was there thirty-four feet wide.

Mr. John Dyer stated, that he was returning from Cudham on the evening of the 12th of October, in a one-horse chaise, accompanied by a Mr. Hillhouse, when the defendant endeavoured to pass inside of the witness—witness remonstrated with him on his conduct, as there was plenty of room on the other side. The defendant then pulled back a little, but immediately after whipped his horse forward, in a very narrow space, to the left of witness. His wheel caught the step of witness's chaise, and very nearly overturned it. The defendant then drove violently forward, and ran the shaft of his gig into the plaintiff's horse. Mr. Hillhouse, seeing the occurrence, endeavoured to get out of witness's chaise—but, not being aware that in the collision with the gig the step had been knocked upwards, he stumbled over it, and, by the fall, his shoulder was dislocated,

and

and the small bone of his wrist broken.

Mr. Hillhouse corroborated this testimony.

Mr. Garrow said, it was impossible for him to overturn a case so strongly supported; he, therefore, consented, to save the time of the Court, that a verdict should be taken for the plaintiff.—Damages forty guineas, the alledged price of the horse.

STAMMERING WAGER.

COURT OF REQUESTS, GUILDHALL.

Bainbridge *v.* Wyatt.

THE plaintiff in this case was a butcher, and the defendant a milk-seller in the Borough. The sum sought to be recovered was 6s. 9d. being the price of a leg of mutton, weighing 9lb. which the defendant contended he was not liable to pay for, he having received it from the plaintiff under the following circumstances:—On Saturday evening, the 9th of November, the defendant went to the plaintiff's shop, with whom he was acquainted, to purchase something for the following day's dinner.—The plaintiff was at that time extremely busy, and the defendant having a most unfortunate impediment in his speech, delayed the busy butcher so long, before he could make his wants known, that he became impatient, d—d him for a stammering booby, and desired him either to go to another shop or speak plain, saying, at the same time, if he would do the latter, he would give him what he wanted for nothing. The defendant, who, it appeared, possessed a *poetical genius*, immediately took pen and paper, and wrote what he called a song, the burthen of which was, "*I want that leg of mutton*;" which, to the extreme entertainment of the persons present, he *chaunted* with the greatest facility, and the butcher handed the leg of mutton down to him; so far the plaintiff liked the joke well; but a few days afterwards he sent his bill for the mutton to the defendant's house, who, after expressing his surprise at the demand of payment, for that of which he had voluntarily made him a present, refused to pay it, and persisted in that refusal: plaintiff, therefore, summoned him for the amount.

The defendant called several witnesses, who proved the offer of the plaintiff to make him a present of any thing he wanted, if he would speak plain.

The Commissioners inquired of the plaintiff, whether the defendant sung distinctly and without hesitation? and he acknowledged that he did so. The Court, upon this, declared their opinion, that the plaintiff was not entitled to recover, and dismissed the complaint with costs.

HUNTING.

ON Monday, the 9th instant, the well-appointed hariers of John King, Esq. of Holne Cottage, on the borders of Dartmoor, Devon, after running a brace of hares severely (one of which they killed), started their third hare on a spot called the "Pethorns," about half a mile from the kennel; she instantly took a direct line, across Dartmoor, through the "Shouldens;" after crossing Holne Moor, she passed "Ringing Shoots," and from thence by the right by "Wenford,"

ford," towards "Compston," leaving "Compston Town" to the right; then crossing "Wobrooke" in a straight direction, leaving "Hexary" Inclosures to the right: she passed completely through the fens (at this season of the year particularly swampy and almost impassable) to "Foxtorr;" thence passing part of "Foxtorr Mire," she turned to the right, crossed "Straighton Water" (composing an arm of the "Dart"), then over "Straighton Down;" after passing some distance in a straight line, she took a direction to the left, to some tin mines, called "White Works," and there the hounds ran in to her in high style, without a single check. This run lasted about three parts of an hour, and comprised an extent of country not less than eleven miles, the greatest part of which was a complete swampy fen, considered as perfectly impassable by those who best knew the moor; yet the hounds were accompanied the whole way by the owner, a friend, the huntsman, and whipper-in. In spirit, severity, and speed, this run will bear a comparison with almost any fox-chase on record.

There having long been a competition for superiority between those two very excellent packs of hariers belonging respectively to Thomas Hanford, Esq. of Milverton, and Bishop Cranmer, Esq. of Wivelscombe, Somersetshire, it was in consequence agreed, that the two packs should hunt together for a considerable wager, made by some gentlemen who were in the habit of hunting with the hounds; and it was agreed, that Mr. Reed (huntsman to the Hestercombe pack, belonging to J. T. Warre, Esq.) who has hunted in every county in the southern and western parts of England, should decide, if possible, which hounds were the best on the day appointed.

The dogs threw off at Truscombe, near Bagborough, about nine o'clock, on Friday, the 29th ult. with about *two hundred* horsemen in the field. They started in fine style, and were almost immediately followed, in a most gallant way, by a considerable number of the horses, through as marshy and thickly inclosed a country as any in Somersetshire. Reed, the umpire, rode most spiritedly, and was constantly with the hounds, attended closely by those chiefly interested in the result of the day's sport. After six hours and a half incessant running, during which time two brace of hares were killed, it was impossible to decide in favour of either pack, so well did each perform its duty, both in cold hunting and hard running. The day was very fine, and a very large party sat down to an excellent dinner at Gore Inn, highly delighted with the day's sport, which was allowed to be as fine as ever was seen by the oldest Nimrods. Conviviality and mirth continued to a late hour, and the parties retired pleased with the decision, or rather non-decision of the umpire, each exulting in the powers of their respective favourite dogs.

Duke of Rutland's Hounds.—These hounds met on the 31st ult. at Broadwater, in the parish of Rauceby, Lincolnshire, and after a fruitless search in the adjacent cars and coverts, they retired to Evedon Wood, which shortly produced a leash of foxes; and the one taking a westerly direction, was closely pursued by his harmonious visitors; he at first took a line for Burton

Burton Gorse, through Evedon, Howel, Ewerby, and up to Heckington Mills; but confident in his superiority of speed, he redoubled his steps through Heckington town, thence to Garwick, and boldly faced the several fens of Heckington, Asgarby, Ewerby, and Howel, thence taking a northerly direction towards Kyme; but finding himself exhausting he determined to quit this miry country, and seek protection in a safer retreat; he accordingly redoubled his steps once more through Ewerby, Howel, and again to Evedon Wood, but was so closely pursued, that he was once more driven from his favourite hold; he then took a westerly direction towards Evedon, but being headed, changed his course, and ran through Asgarby, Boughton, and Howel, and was viewed over the adjoining fields by the few sportsmen who were able to continue the chase; and was at length picked up in an open field, in a most masterly style, without a single hound missing. It is worthy of remark, that the tract of country run over was not less than twenty-five miles, the greater part of which was heavy galloping, as well as tremendous leaping, and performed in one hour and fifty-five minutes without a check, during which several gentlemen had their horses bogged, and some were only extricated by the assistance of ropes and pullies. Not less than one hundred and twenty horsemen graced the dappled field, a considerable number of whom were nobility, and only four sportsmen saw the death of the fox.

The first Meeting of the Raby Hunt, held at Catterick-bridge, concluded on Saturday, the 7th instant, and was well attended by the members. The sport was excellent; though, during the last week, the inclemency of the weather prevented the hounds hunting on the Wednesday and Thursday; but the sportsmen were amply repaid for their disappointment by a good day's sport from Tunstall Moor on Saturday. Lord Darlington has now returned to Raby Castle, to hunt the Raby country for two months.

The Lambton Foxhounds had capital sport in Northumberland, and several horses died in the field, from the severity of a chase from Garrett to Wood. They are now returned to hunt in Durham.

Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds lately had an excellent day's sport; they met at Cammeringham Gorse, and had been in covert only a few minutes, when they found a leash of foxes, one of which broke away towards Spridlington, and continued that line for some time, then turned for Hackthorne House, and finding the earths stopt at Hackthorne Gorse, faced the heath over Welton, Aisthorpe, Scampton to Tillbridge-lane, tried the earths near Scampton-town, and was run into at Carlton, after a burst of thirty-five minutes, without a check. Brattleby Thorns then furnished a bad fox, which, after twenty minutes running, was killed a few fields from the Thorns, without sport. But the treat for the amateurs was reserved for the afternoon. A disturbed fox from Brattleby was found in Cammeringham Low Gorse; he allowed himself to be badgered about in Brattleby Thorns for forty-five minutes, then taking advantage of a good start, he faced a delightful country through Cammeringham, Filling-

 ham,

ham, Coates, crossed the river Till to Willingham Gorse, Willingham Town, Kexby, Sir Charles Anderson's coverts to Thurlby Wood; he broke again over Lea parish, and was handsomely picked up in an open field at Knaith park, within a short distance of the river Trent, after one hour and thirty-five minutes run from leaving Brattleby. The first run was at a slapping pace, which even Leicestershire could not have excelled; the last was a real Lincolnshire run at a good hunting pace, and every hound took his share of the work with an improving scent till they who-ooped him without a hound missing.

On Tuesday, the 17th instant, the Sunderland Hounds threw off on the north side of Hylton Ferry. They immediately started a hare, which took to the west, and saved herself by passing a deer that the cry of the hounds had roused. The dogs immediately pursued him, and after a smart run he was killed in great style. On beating for another hare, two fresh deer were roused; the hounds dividing, one of the deer was soon taken alive; the other made to the north, but being hard pressed by the dogs, turned east towards the park of Hylton Castle, near which he was killed, notwithstanding every effort was made by the gentlemen present to save him. These deer, we understand, had escaped from Hylton Castle Park.

On Tuesday, the 3d instant, Sir Belingham Graham turned down a stag near Beadale, and after a very severe course of one hour, the hounds run up to him in grand style, and took him near Mr. Milbanke's, at Thorpe, about seven miles S. W. of Beadale, after making various angles on the river Ure. Captains Healey and Fowlis were the only gentlemen *up*; the former rode a mare of Sir Belingham's, and the latter his own favourite horse *Buckram*.

The Essex Hunt had a capital run on Wednesday, the 18th inst. from Old Park Coppice, of one hour and forty minutes, having run over about twenty miles of country, and killed the fox at Trois Wood. The first hour, from Old Park, was without a check, and the best pace, and the last half hour good hunting. The chase did the hounds great credit.

SPORTING OBITUARY.

Early on Sunday morning, December 1, died, at Risby, near Bury, Suffolk, after a short illness, John Wastell, Esq. in the 75th year of his age. He was of a most respectable family of considerable property in Northumberland. His father was rector of the extensive parish of Simonbourn, and is recorded for his liberality. Mr. Wastell was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was beloved and esteemed; but preferring a country life to the profession of the law, for which he was designed, he early attached himself to the amusements of the field, and to the first families and sportsmen on the turf, and was confederate with Messrs. Fenwick of Bywell, Shafto, Pratt, &c. gentlemen highly esteemed in the North; also for several years with the late Mr. John Hutchinson, and latterly with his noble friend the late Duke of Grafton, till the

death

death of his Grace. He bred many of the first-rate racers on the turf; for more than half a century was the most constant, and perhaps the most successful attendant at the Newmarket meetings, where, in the first, and indeed in all circles, he was no less esteemed for the clearness of his head than the integrity of his heart, and the plain simplicity of his manners; ever an enemy to ostentation, and of a recluse turn, though his fortunes were ample, he declined in his latter days the fashionable habits of mixed society, but with a very few old friends enjoyed the plain and social comforts of conviviality. In his domestic life he was indulgent, affectionate, and hospitable — a steady friend, a kind master, and most charitable to the poor, who must severely miss his bounty. He has left a disconsolate widow, a son in orders, and three afflicted daughters, to lament his great and irreparable loss.

Mr. Wastell was owner and breeder of a great many excellent racers, a list of whom shall appear in a future Number. He was also one of the members of the Yorkshire Horses, &c. at Newmarket, along with the following Noblemen and Gentlemen, viz.—

Lord Rockingham,
Lord Bolingbroke,
Mr. Fenwick,
Mr. Pratt,
Mr. R. Lascelles,
Mr. W. Cornforth,
Mr. J. Shafto,
Mr. R. Shafto,
Mr. Wentworth,
Mr. Parker,
Mr. Swinburne.

A few days ago died, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Byron, brother to the late Lord Byron, and Rector of Houghton, in the county of Durham. At the advanced age of near ninety, he had this year taken out a license, as usual, for shooting.

On Thursday, the 21st ult. died, universally respected, Mr. Joshua Fox, of Gleadless, Derbyshire, scythe smith, well known as a true sportsman and celebrated singer. By his desire, his pall was supported by six old sportsmen, and the funeral was attended by upwards of six hundred people.

Death of a Poacher.—On the 1st instant, Edward Sutton, an inhabitant of Nottingham, was found dead in a ditch, in the parish of West Bridgford, near that place; in his coat pocket was found a gun (so constructed that the butt end could be taken off, the more conveniently to carry it in a concealed manner) a quantity of powder and shot, a snare for destroying game, and a wire and string, for the purpose of making more. It appeared that the gun had discharged by accident, as his waistcoat, on the left breast, was much discoloured by the powder; the shot had entered the left temple, torn off part of the skull, and taken away a part of the brains. From the position in which the body lay, the most probable cause was, that the gun in his pocket had gone off by the shake it received in the act of his jumping the ditch. The latest account given of him was, that he left his residence, in the Narrow Marsh, on Sunday, the 24th of November. Upon an inquest, taken on the body, before Thomas Wright, Coroner, on the 2d instant, an evidence appeared, with whom the deceased had been in habits of intimacy, who stated, that the lock of the gun was bad, and would frequently go off at half cock. The gun was produced, and confirmed the

the above, as it would go off upon the slightest shake; the witness had frequently forewarned the deceased of his danger from carrying such an instrument. It further appeared that he had, for forty years, been in the habit of taking his walk so accoutred, particularly on a Sunday, and had once a gun, of a similar construction to that above described, taken from him, but never paid a penalty for poaching.—Verdict—*Accidental Death.*

Lately died, in Saint Thomas-street, Bristol, Dick Horton, the pugilist. He is supposed never to have *forgotten* the blows he received in his contest with Crib.

COURSING MEETINGS.

MALTON.

(Concluded from last Number).

FRIDAY, owing to the badness of the day, was put off, and agreed to be run on Saturday:—

Major Bower's Bumper beat Mr. Best's Vesta.

Mr. Hill's Daphne beat Mr. Monson's Balloon.—Balloon had the best of the course, but the hare was for a short time lost in a fence, and came out near to the bitch, and after a short run with her, escaped.

Last Class for the Cup.—Major Bower's Bumper beat Mr. Hill's Daphne.

Major Bower beat Mr. Hill in two post matches.

Several other matches were off by consent, owing to the greatest part of the gentlemen having withdrawn.

SWAFFHAM.

Upwards of an hundred brace of high-bred Norfolk and Wiltshire greyhounds were on the ground at this Meeting. Eight matches for the Cup were run on the first day in the first West Acre Field.

Thirteen bye matches were then run, and eight left unfinished, from night coming on.

The next day, in Clay Field, four matches were run, and twenty-two bye matches.

Third Day—In second West Acre Field, two matches, and the third for the decision of the Cup, were ran, which ended in Lord Rivers's Rosebud beating Mr. H. Redhead's Yarico for the Prize. After which, twenty bye matches were run up.

Notwithstanding the superiority thus gained by Lord Rivers, a dog, sent as a present to Captain Wyatt, by Mr. Swinfen, from Derbyshire, was thought one of the best dogs shown at the Meeting, having run a *dead heat* with Rosebud, and beaten all his other competitors.

NEWMARKET.

THE Newmarket coursing week began on Monday, the 2d of December; the sport very indifferent, and the hares very scarce, in consequence of the improper conduct of some of the Cambridge gentlemen, who came over on the Saturday preceding the meeting, and instead of fairly sporting over the open grounds, they entered the *covers*, and not only *poached* the *preserves*, but even *shot* the hares upon their *forms* in the coursing fields, a sack full of which were carried home in their dog-cart. One of the party boasts of having killed *nine brace and a half* in the first hour. Luckily they are known, and actions will be immediately brought for this malicious trespass, as *none* of them are qualified, and they have all repeatedly received

warning

warning from the *Lords of the Manor*.

The following is a list of the matches run:—

FIRST CHEVELEY FIELD.

1. Lord Rivers's blk. and w. d. p. Repute, beat Mr. Upcher's b. b. p. Q. Mab.

2. Mr. Upcher's b. and w. b. p. Quiver, beat Lord Rivers's b. d. p. Rowley.

3. Mr. Redhead's blk. b. a. Lovely, agst Mr. Wright's blk. and w. b. a. Vivid.—Undecided.

4. Mr. Redhead's blk. b. p. Lightning, agst Captain Wyatt's blk. d. p. Xenophon.—Undecided.

6. Sir P. Blake's blk. and w. b. a. Empress, beat Mr. Kortwright's blk. and w. b. a. Kangaroo.

7. Mr. Goodlake's blk. d. a. Glory, beat Sir P. Blake's blk. b. a. Emmett.

8. Mr. Page's blk. d. a. Braganza, beat Mr. James's blk. d. a. Idiot.

9. Col. Lovelace's blk. d. a. Mogul, beat Mr. Page's blk. d. a. Boxer.

10. Mr. Merest's b. d. a. Orlando, beat Mr. Kortwright's blk. d. a. King of Trumps.

11. Mr. Wilkinson's blk. d. p. Zenith, beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. d. p. Goth.

12. Col. Lovelace's blk. d. p. Mouse, agst Mr. Jones's blk. d. p. Jet.—Undecided.

13. Lord Rivers's blk. d. p. Risely, beat Mr. Upcher's blk. and w. d. p. Queller.

14. Lord Rivers's bl. and w. d. a. Ranger, agst Mr. Kortwright's r. and w. d. a. Kite.—Undecided.

15. Mr. Redhead's blk. d. p. Lydia, beat Captain Wyatt's blk. d. p. Xerxes.

16. Adm. Wilson's blk. d. p. Una, beat Lord Rivers's blk. d. p. Rochester.

17. Col. Lovelace's blk. and w. b. a. Magpie, beat Mr. Page's blk. b. a. Bess.

18. Mr. Merest's blk. and w. b. a. Olive Branch, beat Sir R. Blake's blk. b. a. Egglass.

20. Mr. Page's bl. b. a. Britannia, agst Mr. Wright's bl. b. a. Vesta.—Undecided.

21. Mr. Wilkinson's r. b. a. Zarina, beat Mr. Wright's bl. b. a. Violet.

22. Lord River's blk. d. a. Racket, agst Sir P. Blake's blk. d. a. Eaglet.—Undecided.

Tuesday, Dec. 3.

CHIPPENHAM FIELD.

1. Colonel Lovelace's blk. b. p. Miss, beat Lord Rivers's p. Repute.

2. Lord Rivers's p. Risely, agst Colonel Lovelace's blk. b. p. Mouse.—Undecided.

3. Mr. Redhead's blk. b. p. Leveret, agst Mr. Kortwright's blk. b. p. Kitty.—Undecided.

4. Mr. Upcher's r. and w. d. p. Quip, rec. ft. from Mr. Tyssens's w. d. p. Telemachus.

5. Mr. Vachell's d. d. a. Ploughboy, rec. ft. from Admiral Wilson's blk. b. a. Urania.

6. Mr. Vachell's blk. b. p. Pet, beat Admiral Wilson's bl. and w. Unique.

7. Mr. Upcher's bl. d. p. Quiet, beat Mr. Kortwright's Knight.

8. Captain Wyatt's blk. b. a. Xantippe, agst Mr. Page's blk. b. a. Belinda.—Undecided.

9. Sir P. Blake's blk. d. a. Enterprize, beat Mr. Poore's blk. d. a. Pistol.

10. Mr. Wilkinson's blk. b. a. Zelia, beat Sir P. Blake's br. a. Evil.

11. M. J. Wright's du. b. a. Slut, beat Mr. Merest's blk. b. a. Octavia.

12. Mr.

12. Mr. Merest's bl. d. a. Orlando, beat Mr. J. Wright's bl. d. a. Smuggler.

13. Mr. Wright's d. b. p. Vas, agst Mr. Page's blk. b. a. Bess.—Undecided.

14. Mr. Jenyns's blk. b. a. Nymph, agst Mr. Vachell's r. d. a. Pic Nic.—Undecided.

15. Mr. Merest's bl. d. p. October, agst Mr. Stanes's blk. b. a. Helen.—Undecided.

16. Mr. Stanes's blk. b. p. Hebe, beat Col. Lovelace's blk. b. p. Mayfly.

17. Mr. Mickleth waite's w. b. a. Jemima, beat Sir P. Blake's Egglass.

18. Mr. Wilkinson's r. b. p. Zulma, beat Admiral Wilson's blk. d. p. Undaunted.

19. Mr. Wright's blk. b. p. Vertu, beat Lord Rivers's blk. b. p. Rutitia.

20. Mr. Wright's b. d. p. Valiant, beat Lord Rivers's blk. b. p. Rachel.

21. Sir P. Blake's blk. d. p. Emerald, beat Mr. Upcher's blk. and w. b. p. Quits.

22. Mr. Wright's bl. b. a. Violet, beat Captain Wyatt's blk. b. a. Xena.

23. Colonel Lovelace's bl. d. p. Monk, rec. ft. from Mr. Kortwright's blk. and w. d. p. Knave.

Wednesday, Dec. 4.

STETCHWORTH AND DULLINGHAM FIELD.

1. Admiral Wilson's br. b. p. Ursula, agst Mr. Upcher's bl. d. p. Quoit.—Undecided.

2. Mr. Upcher's r. and w. d. p. Quip, beat Admiral Wilson's blk. b. p. Undaunted.

3. Mr. Redhead's blk. and w. d. p. Lounger, agst Colonel Lovelace's bl. b. p. Miss.—Undecided.

4. Lord Rivers's blk. d. a. Rockingham, agst Captain Wyatt's bl. d. a. Xanthus.—Undecided.

5. Mr. Wilkinson's blk. d. p. Zanga, beat Mr. Poore's bl. d. p. Prime.

7. Mr. Vachell's blk. d. p. Puss, beat Sir P. Blake's r. d. p. Emperor.

8. Mr. Merest's blk. and w. b. a. Olive Branch, beat Sir P. Blake's br. b. a. Evil.

9. Mr. Merest's bl. d. a. Orlando, beat Mr. Hammond's r. d. a. Wellington.

10. Mr. Vachell's d. d. a. Ploughboy, beat Mr. Redhead's bl. b. a. Lovely.

11. Mr. Jenyns's r. b. p. Nell, agst Mr. Page's blk. b. p. Bell.—Undecided.

12. Mr. Page's blk. d. p. Bustard, beat Mr. Tyssen's fawn b. p. Token.

13. Mr. Wilkinson's blk. d. p. Zenith, beat Mr. Dover's blk. d. p. Dart.

14. Captain Wyatt's blk. d. p. Ximenes, beat Mr. Dover's blk. d. p. Daisy.

15. Mr. Stane's blk. b. a. Helen, beat Ld Rivers's blk. d. a. Rupert.

16. Mr. James's br. b. a. Ithaca, beat Mr. Mickleth wait's blk. and w. b. a. Jemima.

17. Sir P. Blake's d. d. p. Ether, beat Mr. Stane's blk. d. a. Harry.

18. Mr. Merest's blk. b. a. Octavia, agst Colonel Lovelace's blk. and w. b. a. Magpie. Undecided.

19. Mr. Redhead's blk. b. p. Leveret, agst Mr. Kortwright's blk. b. p. Kitty. Undecided.

20. Mr. Merest's bl. d. a. October, beat Mr. Kortwright's blk. and w. b. a. Kangaroo.

21. Mr. H. Redhead's w. d. p. Youngster, beat Captain Wyatt's blk. d. p. Xeres.

22. Mr. Page's blk. d. a. Boxer, beat Sir P. Blake's br. d. a. Eringo.

[The frost occasioned the sport of

of the two succeeding days to be postponed.]

Lord Rivers's dogs had suffered so much in the *distemper*, they did not distinguish themselves in their usual manner, for so very severe had it been in his stud, that he has lost thirty-five greyhounds in the course of the season.

The Meeting was held at the Ram Inn, in Newmarket, and was very numerously attended by members and visitors.

DETECTION OF POACHERS.

AN inquest was taken on Saturday, the 14th instant, at the Horse-shoe public-house, in Grove-lane, two miles from Bushey, Herts, on the body of Willis Goreing, who was shot on trespass by a watchman, in the presence of Mr. Cotton. It appeared that the preserve in question had been trespassed on until scarcely any game or fish was left, and two men had been several nights placed on the watch. The deceased, who was the son of a small farmer, was surprised by one of the men on the watch, carrying off a quantity of jacks, on the Thursday night, and there being another man in company, a stout resistance was made, and the deceased received the contents of a fowling-piece in his chest. The Jury conceived the watchman did his duty, and delivered a verdict accordingly.

During this month, one of the gamekeepers of the Duke of Bedford, hearing the report of a gun in the night, in one of his Grace's woods, went with another person to the spot, where they found three men, one having a pheasant in his hand, who immediately threw down the bird, and, pulling from under his smock frock a short stick, struck the gamekeeper so severe a blow on the head as to fracture the skull in the most dreadful manner, and his life is despaired of. One of the villains has since turned evidence, and they are all taken, and committed to prison.

In Ireland, a few nights back, three men were sent to the Waterfall-park, belonging to Lord Powerscourt, by his steward, to look after the deer, as the herd was thinning by nocturnal depredations. On arriving in the park, they took up a position adjoining the park wall, parallel to the high road. After they were so stationed, a man named Keegan appeared on the part of the road near their position, with a gun, whom they required to surrender. He replied, he would not but with his life, as he was on the King's high road, to which he had an equal right with them. One of the party then gave the word to fire, in which he was obeyed; the contents of the gun wounded Keegan in the head and neck. He did not fall; but recovering the shock, he turned and discharged his gun at Gilbert, the man who fired, and broke his arm and leg, and wounded him in the body. Another then fired at Keegan, but missed him, and he, although much exhausted from loss of blood, made a feint as if to fire a second time, upon which the others suffered him to proceed to his lodgings. Gilbert died the next morning, and Keegan the evening after.

On Monday, the 16th inst. Hannah Phillips, of Ledbury, was committed to prison for three months, charged with having used engines for ensnaring game.

FEAST OF WIT.

IN the Limerick Paper, an Irish gentleman, whose wife absconded from him, thus cautions the public against trusting her:—"My wife has eloped from me without *rhyme* or *reason*, and I desire no one will trust her on my account, *for I am not married to her!*"

A GENTLEMAN in the country lately addressed a passionate *billet-doux* to a lady in the same town, adding this curious postscript: "Please to send a speedy answer, as I have *somebody else in my eye.*"

An ODD *Accident.*—On Tuesday evening, the 10th instant, within a few minutes of eight o'clock, a singular accident occurred in St. Andrew's parish, Norwich. The society called "*Trafalgar Odd Fellows,*" held at G. Springall's, of the Three Tuns, had assembled more numerously than usual, in consequence of some of the members wishing for the removal of the Lodge to another house, whilst the others were desirous of its continuance there. Just as the ballot was on the point of taking place, and as "My Noble Grand," in his *paraphernalia,* was putting the question, the greater part of the floor fell in, and down he went, with about seventy P. Gs. and other members, together with a large pedestal, chest, tables, seats, &c. Dire was the crash that accompanied their descent, and indescribable the confusion that ensued; but, most providentially, no lives were lost nor limbs broken, only a few were bruised, and those not very materially.—One of the members (on finding himself sinking) rather *oddly* laid hold of the bars of the fire-grate, but he soon relinquished his *hot* hold, and *dropped* to his companions in the regions below.

EXTEMPORE ON THE ABOVE OCCASION.

A club being held at a tavern hard by,
The members their talents at speaking would try;
But so *odd* were the *fellows* they could not agree,
In determining where the next meeting should be.
Their arguments turn'd not on matters of state,
Yet it certainly proved a most *weighty debate:*
Tho' no breach of the peace by this conduct was shown,
It must be confest they were *strangely let down.*

J. T.

A PROVINCIAL actor, possessing neither voice nor ear, was asked, the other evening, how he came to attempt a certain song? "Why not," replied he; "*I* gave the *words,* and *the band* played the *tune*—What would the audience wish for more?"

ON Tuesday morning, the 26th ult. some villains broke into a counting-house in Glasgow. Fortunately for them they were scared. The owner has since posted the following note on his door and different public places:—Loaded spring gun set in ——'s counting-house. If any

any dare break into it, let them bring their coffins!"

Should a new coinage of Bank dollars be in agitation, a correspondent suggests the propriety of an impressure of the *crown* under a *canopy*, which, while it carries the sanction of royalty, will convey, at the same time, the nominal value of the coin—*a crown and tester.*

The Convenient Friend.—The Duke de Nivernois was intimately acquainted with the Countess of Rochfort, and never omitted going to see her a single evening. As she was a widow and he a widower, one of his friends observed to him, that it would be more convenient for him to marry the lady. "I have often thought so," replied the Duke, "but one thing prevents me; in that case, where could I pass my evenings?"

An impudent fellow quizzing a gunsmith in the Strand, asked him if a curious pistol, which he saw in the window, would go off? to which the other replied, "To a certainty—if it were within *your reach!*"

The landlord of a public-house, in the vicinity of London, whose name is *White,* had the following party to dinner a few days ago, viz.—Mr. *Green,* Mr. *Gray,* Mr. *Motley,* Mr. *Brown,* and Mr. *Black.* Mr. *Scarlet,* we understand, was prevented from attending by indisposition.

Curious Advertisement extracted from a periodical work published in the reign of Queen Anne: "A gentlewoman, who has a great *aversion to talking,* wants a maid who can *be silent,* and help her in the government of her family. If the said servant can clear-starch, *whisper, and tread softly,* she shall have suitable encouragement in her wages."

The eminent Lawyer, who has recently sustained so great a loss by the dishonesty of his broker, applied to a friend to know what *steps* he should take to recover his money. The reply was, "*Pursue* the *steps* of your Broker."

IMPROMPTU,

ON THE ADVICE GIVEN ABOVE.

By John Ketch, Esq. of the Old Bailey.

A *Plumber,* being swindled, *solicits the Vicar,*
To give him his *counsel,* which way would be quicker,
To get back his money!—
Quoth the Vicar, so funny,
"The very best step, 'tis my honest belief,
You can take, is to *follow the steps* of the Thief!"
"But I fear then," quoth t'other, "the fellow won't stop,
Till we're quite *out of breath,* and are just on *the drop.*"

A gentleman observing how dangerous it was to live near powder magazines, from the frequent explosions, a wag replied, then surely *Paternoster-row* must be truly so; for it not only abounds in *magazines,* but they generally *blow up* once a *month.*

A punster remarks, that Paternoster-row, instead of being the most *literary,* is, in fact, the most *military,* street in London, as it abounds in *Reviews,* and enjoys a plentiful establishment of *Magazines.*

A cockney, who had heard much of the Ballad of "*Robin Adair;*"

Adair;" asked a friend if he had heard "*Robin had Hair*;" who, not wishing to appear ignorant on the subject, answered, "Why to be sure I have, who the devil said he was *bald*?"

English Bulls.—A Norfolk Auctioneer has lately published a catalogue of *modern* household furniture, *horses, dogs, cows,* and other farming stock, and, "on account of the shortness of the days," informs the public, that "*each day's sale will be finished* WITHOUT LEAVING OFF!!!"

HUSBAND WANTED.

IMMEDIATELY Wanted, a Youth about twenty—
In Suffolk the people assure me they've plenty,
Of whom if he'll now and then bear admonition,
A husband I'll make with all due expedition;
And to show that most serious is my intention,
A few indispensibles here I shall mention:—
I'm indifferent to height, so he's perfectly straight,
But perhaps should prefer him about five feet eight,
Well proportioned and muscular, walking with ease,
Adding Belvidere's grace to the strength of Farnese.
His nose must be prominent, prythee mark that,—
I've a horrid aversion to one that is flat;
His eyes may be dark, sharp, piercing, and keen,
His appearance in general nor fat, nor too lean,
His eye lashes long, his teeth must be white,
And his lips invite kisses from morning to night;
His beard may be black, I whiskers allow,
His cheeks must be ruddy, and arch'd be his brow,
His manners be gentle, bewitching and bland,
And love's charming language must well understand;
Deep read and accomplish'd, of course be polite,
Sing delightfully well, and bewitchingly write;
As women will plague him, and troublesome be,
He may chat with them all, but must love only me;
Not too fond of retirement, nor addicted to roam,
When out must be with me, when not, stay at home;
No more strikes me at present; I hate to be nice,
To prudes and old maids I leave being precise,
As I mean to be neither—who fancy this letter,
May make their proposals, the sooner the better.

C.

Ipswich, November, 1811.

REPLY TO THE LADY IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND.

IF C——, who to Wedlock appears much inclin'd,
Really wishes to meet with a Beau to her mind,
Let her call at our Office, and there on inspection,
She'll doubtless select one beyond all objection;
For effusions so numerous room we can't spare,
And therefore thus briefly have answer'd the Fair.

Bury.

THE importunate tradesmen of the capital now make their daily solicitations to their backward customers in London in *style*. *Coachmakers* take their rounds of demand, in *gigs* and *curricles*; while *Bootmakers, Tailors,* &c. make their unpleasant visits on *small hacks,* which, in despite of colour, may fairly be denominated *dun horses!*

A GENTLEMAN, the other day, inquiring upon what the *taste* of a certain *gourmand* painter depended, a punster replied, "upon his *pallet*."

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

MR. Garforth has sold his chesnut colt, by Camillus, dam by Ruler, out of Treecreeper, by Woodpecker, for 1500gs. We understand, that he was purchased for Mr. Bruen (the owner of Whitenose), of Ireland. Mr. Bruen has also purchased Arthur, by Hambletonian.

Mr. Whaley has purchased Sunbeam, by Meteor. And Mr. Watts (of Ireland) has purchased of J. L. Kaye, Esq. Olivia and her Brother, by Sir Oliver, out of Phenominina, by Phenomenon.

Thomas Scarisbrick, Esq. has purchased of Sir William Gerard "The Stallion Windle," for 500gs.

Mr. Richard Spencer has sold his bay filly foal, by Newcastle, dam by Expectation, out of Lady Brough's dam, to Mr. S. Gilbert, for 54gs.; and his brown filly foal, by Milo, dam by Tickle Toby, out of a Sir Peter mare, to Mr. Thomas Buckle, for 75gs.; likewise a bay yearling filly, by Chariot, dam by Farmer, to Mr. T. Buckle, for 60gs.

Sir William Wynne, Bart. has refused 1200gs. for Cambrian-Lass, by Newcastle, dam (Jack Tar's dam), by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Nelly, by Otho.

In our last, we stated that Pope was sold to the Marquis of Sligo. We are informed that he was sold to Lord Lowther.

THE Hampshire Hunt held their Monthly Meeting, at the Swan Inn, Alresford, on Tuesday, the 3d inst. when an elegant dinner was provided, of which a select party partook; J. J. Villebois, Esq. in the Chair. It is unnecessary to say, conviviality was the order of the evening. Several appropriate songs were given, and the party did not separate till ten o'clock: amongst the company present we noticed the Earl of Northesk, Lord Lisle, Admiral Bertie, &c. A ball followed, which was attended by all the youth, beauty, and fashion of the neighbourhood, at which C. Græme, Esq. of Kilmiston, was the Steward; and perfect harmony and satisfaction prevailed till near four, when the company broke up.

At a meeting of the members of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hunt, held at the Hunt Inn, Linlithgow, on the 2d instant, they unanimously elected for the ensuing year, General the Honourable Sir John Hope, K. B. to be Preses; Sir Charles Edmonston, Bart. of Duntreath, Major James Watson, of Saughton, Council; and J. Boyd, Treasurer and Secretary.

The Leicestershire *Hunts* are so much attended, partly by men of fashion, and partly by others, that it is not unusual to see *five hundred* horsemen in the field, when the fox is unkenneled. Dick Knight, the late *crack* huntsman of Lord Spencer, remains still unrivalled in his leaps by scores of simpletons, who are daily risking their necks, in imitation of this hero of an adjoining county!

Raughton-head Hunt, in Cumberland, on the 20th ult. was very respectably attended, and the chase afforded considerable sport. In the evening an elegant entertainment, which would have been no discre-

dit

dit even to a caterer to a corporation, was served up at Mr. R. Wilson's, of which a numerous party partook, who spent a social and convivial evening, which was not a little increased by the presence of Messrs. Dixon and Ward, stewards, who were unanimously elected to fill the same situation for the ensuing year. After dining, a variety of toasts were drank, among which the King and Prince Regent were not forgotten; the company separated, happy in the prospect of celebrating the next annual meeting in a similar agreeable manner.

Master Henry West Betty, the once popular Roscius, who was hunted after by all the empire, is now hunting himself, not after theatrical fame or fortune, but after hares and foxes:—he is now one of the first sportsmen in Shropshire, presiding at some of the principal hunts in the county. He is friendly and hospitable, and sometimes cracks a joke at the credulity of John Bull.

We understand the foxes in Warwickshire have been poisoned much of late, to the great annoyance of the hunts established in that country.

A short time since, as one of Colonel Thornton's gamekeepers was shewing off to his master a brace of black pointers, at his seat near Dulverton, after the Colonel had shot some game, and was returning home; the keeper, highly delighted with his dogs, was desirous to try their steadiness at snipe. They found one, and both dogs dropt near some marshy ground, where several horses were grazing; one (a grey one) singly went to look at the dogs, which remained steady—the horse gradually approached them, and, when within reach of the dogs, he erected himself on his hind legs, and made a dash at one of them, with both his fore feet, which struck him on the head, and actually killed him on the spot. It is conjectured that the colour had excited the horse's fury.

On Monday, the 2d instant, two greyhounds, belonging to a gentleman of the North Shore, Sunderland, started a hare on Cleadon Hills, and had a fine run for about three miles down towards the sea, near Whitburn, where poor puss was caught in a mole-trap. The hounds were so much exhausted, that they could not make one *snatch* at her.

At the Annual Meeting of the Gamekeepers of the county of Suffolk, held on the 9th of December, at Bury, for the purpose of awarding a large silver powder flask to the keeper, who should produce the certificates, for the greatest quantity of hares, pheasants and partridges *shot at*, as well as *killed*, during any six days, from the 8th of October to the 8th of December, Richard Sharnton delivered vouchers for the following list, and obtained the prize. The prize was given upon a comparison of the sport, estimating the number of guns, and the extent of land in *strict preserve*. Sharnton's list averaged three guns, and his extent of preserve 1000 acres.

	Killed.	*Missed.*
Cock Pheasants	378	199
Hen Pheasants	51	33
Partridges	506	301
Hares	177	94

Total shots 1739, nearly 300 a-day!

Sharnton

Sharnton afterwards produced the account of the *vermin* and *birds of prey* that he had destroyed in the last twelve months. He has but two underkeepers.

Foxes	22
Martins	3
Polecats	31
Stoats	446
Crows and Magpies	120
Hawks of all kinds	167
Field Rats	310
Brown Owls	13
Wild Cats	7

A CURIOUS shooting match took place on the manor of Captain Fraser, at Lipxon, Bucks, on Saturday, the 7th instant, betwixt Captain Hand and Mr. Fraser, on a shooting party there. A bet of one hundred guineas was made to shoot at four hares each, at thirty yards from the gun, the game to be turned out from a box at ten yards, and to be bagged within one hundred yards. A circumference of thirty yards and one hundred yards was taken, and the Captain killed three hares out of four, and Mr. Fraser did the same, but one was caught out of bounds, which lost the match.

PIGEON MATCH.—The match betwixt Messrs. Lee, King, and Thornton, against Messrs. Kemp, Atkinson, and Barnard, which took place in Buckinghamshire, on the 22d ult. for a silver cup and fifty guineas in specie, and which was won by the former killing nineteen birds from twenty-one, was renewed on Tuesday, the 10th instant, in Sloane Meadows, near Nettlebed. The competitors had seven birds each allotted, at the usual distance of twenty-one yards, with a boundary of one hundred yards. The match was for 150 guineas aside, and was again won by the former, as will be seen as follows:—

	Bagged.
King	7
Lee	6
Thornton	5
Atkinson	7
Barnard	5
Kemp	5

Two birds belonging to the losing party fell, the one twenty-five yards out of bounds, and the other four yards, by which the match was lost.

THE *chasse* at Holkham, in Norfolk, a few weeks since, when Earl Moira, and several other shots of distinction, were down on a visit to Mr. Coke, produced to the game-larder, within six days, the following enormous list of slaughter, viz.—

Pheasants	264
Partridges	314
Woodcocks	29
Snipes	46
Hares	283
Rabbits	371
Total killed	1,307

A Royal Duke was one of the above destructive corps, but being of the *military* order, his return, or rather the return made for him, was of a different kind, viz.—

Killed of game—*none.*

Wounded in the legs—1 *foot marker,* slightly.

Wounded in the face—1 *groom,* severely.

Wounded on the head of a friend—1 *hat.*

Ditto on the left rump—1 *horse!*

AMONGST the many instances which have lately occurred of the danger attending the use of the *spring-*

spring-flask in shooting, we are sorry to have it in our power to give an additional one of a very melancholy nature. Mr. Hugh James, son of Thomas James, Esq. of Hensingham House, near Whitehaven, had his cheek and right eye most dreadfully lacerated, a few days ago, by the bursting of a spring flack, from the powder's exploding when in the act of re-loading his gun. Whether the sight of the eye is entirely lost, cannot be determined; but we most sincerely trust that this, with the many other accidents that might be mentioned, will be sufficient to caution the public against the use of this dangerous instrument.

Trotting Match against Time.—A chesnut mare, the property of Mr. Thomas Kirby, of York, trotted on Monday, the 9th inst. the distance of fourteen miles and seventy-one yards, from Lord Eglintoun's Castle gate-way to —— Oswald, Esq.'s hall door, in 46 minutes and 43 seconds—the time given 50 minutes. The bet was made by Colonel Blair and Captain Stephenson, two gentlemen residing near Irvine, in Scotland, some months ago, and after trying all England, Mr. Kirby's mare was fixed upon as most suitable for this feat; the road on which it is performed is as bad as any Scotland can produce, laying through the town of Irvine, which has two remarkable sharp turns in it. At this place the mare fell; returned; took a standing start, and performed her task with ease. She was prepared and rode by Mr. John Simpson, of Skipton, Yorkshire. We understand this match was made for a very considerable sum, and a great number of bets depending upon the issue of it.

A TROTTING match for five hundred guineas took place on the Hertford road, on Monday, the 16th instant, between Mr. Pennington's celebrated mare Spanker, and a grey horse from Blackwater, the property of Captain Winnock.—Thousands were pending on the match, which was four miles. The horse led at the rate of seventeen miles an hour, and a better race was never witnessed. The mare won the match by about thirty-six yards. The animals rode a feather weight, and the distance was performed in thirteen minutes and ten seconds.

SINGULAR WAGER.—A short time since, Mr. T. a gentleman residing at Kensington, Middlesex, undertook for a wager of one hundred and fifty guineas, to drive his tandem at full speed against the wheels of the first seven vehicles he might meet on the road, so that his wheels should absolutely graze the others without becoming locked, or the tandem upset, in either of which cases the wager was to be lost. Precisely at one he started from the Greyhound Inn, a vast number of equestrians accompanying him. The first object that presented itself was a Brentford stage, the wheels of which Mr. T. grazed in a neat style, much to the surprise of the coachman, who on quarting out as usual, and finding himself thus borne down upon, poured forth a volley of abuse at what he considered Mr. T.'s lack of coachmanship. In this manner three more stages, one coal-waggon, and two gigs, were passed, and their respective wheels touched without the least accident. The whole was accomplished in twenty-five minutes from the time of starting. Never, in the opinion of all present,

present, was life or limb in greater danger than in this singular and hazardous attempt. The odds, at starting, were as high as five to two on the performance.

Cruelty to Animals.—On Saturday, the 21st instant, as a horse was drawing out of a cellar a large butt of beer in Queen-street, Golden-square, he moved more rapidly than the driver wished him, on which he struck the animal on the head with his whip, which caused him to back, and he fell into the cellar on the cask. Every means were used to get him again into the street, but in the struggle he was nearly torn in two. After every effort was made, it was found necessary to shoot him through the head to end his sufferings, (which must have been great) as he remained in the cellar from twelve o'clock in the day until half-past eight at night.

Pedestrianism.—Mr. Morrison, a gentleman residing in Air-street, Piccadilly, undertook on Thursday morning, the 5th instant, for a wager of a hundred guineas, to go on foot from Knightsbridge to Maidenhead Thicket, and return, a distance of fifty-four miles, in eleven successive hours. The pedestrian performed seventeen miles in three hours and ten minutes, and after eating part of a chicken, and taking a glass of Madeira, he arrived at the Thicket in ten minutes less than half the given time; but he lagged at Smallberry-green on his return, and broke down at Hammersmith, when he had three miles to perform in seventeen minutes.

A ludicrous foot-race took place on Thursday, the 26th ult. in a field near Chichester, between two well-known characters, of the names of French and Norrington, the former a sieve-maker, and the latter a bird-fancier, each seventy years of age. The match was made by gentlemen, and the race, which was sharply contested, terminated in favour of French; the other having been retarded in his progress by an unfortunate pull at his coat, just as he had got the start of his *fleet* companion.

Pugilism.—On Friday, the 6th instant, a pitched battle was fought in a field at Hartford, near Huntingdon, between Peter Saunders, of Huntingdon, and J. Palmer, landlord of the Angel public-house, at Brompton. The match was for forty guineas, and Power was sent for from London, to second Saunders. A desperate battle of thirteen minutes was fought, in which both stood to each other, and hit until exhausted. The combatants were much beaten, and the battle was won by Saunders.—On the preceding evening, Mr. A—— of Huntingdon, had betted 10l. with Power, that he would produce a man to fight him. The man accordingly made his appearance, and the combatants were on the point of setting-to, when the countryman became so scared at the formidable figure of his antagonist, that he took to his heels, and made so good a use of them, as to be out of sight in a few minutes.—The deposit money of course went to Power.

A smart boxing match betwixt the renowned Dutch Sam, of 9st. 4lb. invincible to any twelve stone pugilist on the boxing list, and a sturdy man of 13st. of the name of Jones, was fought on Friday, the 13th instant, in a spacious room in

in the purlieu of the King's Bench Prison, not for a great stake, but for the *honour* of winning. Jones had beaten several men recently in St. George's-fields, in casual rencontres, and he had often openly challenged to combat any man in the neighbourhood. Sam, who resides within the district challenged, and who had vanquished numbers in prize rings, felt too *jolly* to have his pugilistic laurels torn from him by vain vauntings, and disregarding *twenty-five*, as he did *thirteen stone*, he was resolved on a *turn up*, although not at the time and place where it happened. They accidentally met at a public-house, where Sam had been copiously sipping *Deady's max*, and he no longer *brooked* the insult offered to his *majesty*, but *buffed* with his adversary by mutual consent. The seconds, were Messrs. Hodges and Wotley.—At the set-to, Jones made play with half round hits, right and left, which Sam, from inebriation, was unable to return, but he partially stopped them and got close in, and was thrown. This was practised the first six rounds, and Sam, although unable to do the execution he is so noted for in the prize ring, in *giving*, contrived to keep in sufficient to avoid punishment, excepting by falls.—The six rounds having been fought, Sam recovered himself from the heavy falls he had received, and he gave his antagonist notice that he was about to shew some fight. After this, Jones had no other chance but that of being hit. Sam played at him with right and left flush hits, until his eyes were closed, and hit open again, his mouth hit awry, and not an inch of his face escaped the terrific hits of the pugilistic phenomenon. Jones shewed game to his discomfiture, and when blind and exhausted, he resigned a contest which he embraced in a moment auspicious to himself, but which ultimately took the fight out of him.

Dogherty and Burns.—The public have been apprised, that a reconnoitring party of inferior pugilists had been *macing* in the southern towns, and at length a match was knocked up betwixt Dogherty, a game *busy miller*, of eleven stone, and a man named Burn, who, although nearly thirteen stone, has not been favoured by Providence with the gift of *taking*, and had been long *told out* of the London list as a *cur*.—This match went down amongst the country folks, and a fight took place on Monday, the 2d instant, two miles from Chichester, on the borders of Sussex and Hants.—Things had been so managed as to get the odds 6 to 4 on Burn, when a London sportsman would have betted 5 to 2, and 3 to 1 on the other man. The fight lasted twelve minutes, when Dogherty went in at his antagonist's head, and milled with courage. As was anticipated by the few from London, who knew Burn, *castor oil* was vociferated; his *feelings were much hurt*, and like the *white-feathered Iky Pig*, after taking hitting from a man two stone lighter than himself, in twelve minutes he resigned the combat, and swore to pursue pugilism no further than in *bloodless* Fives-court exhibitions.

A most intrepid and sanguinary battle was fought on Beechy Common, about five miles from Dorchester, Oxfordshire, on Wednesday, the 4th of this month, for fifty guineas a side, betwixt Henry Johnson, a miner, from Somersetshire, and Wm. Thorn, a scientific man of notoriety at fisty cuffs.

Captain

Captain Hicks backed Thorn, and a Mr. V·rley the miner. During the first fifteen minutes of the fight, the science Thorn possessed, gave him a decisive advantage, by hitting his antagonist *flush* on the head right and left; weight, added to extreme gluttony, however, was ultimately served, and on the first symptoms of weakness exhibited by Thorn, he was hit about the body until he was to all appearance lifeless, and when he resigned, he was unable to support himself.—The miner fought at the body with the right hand, and hit slight at the head with the left. Several hundred spectators were present.

Amazonian Boxing.—A pitched battle, for a pint of gin and a new shawl, took place on Thursday, the 12th of December, on Wormwood Scrubs, between Molly Flower and Nanny Gent, in consequence of a *family* dispute. The set-to was contested for twenty minutes, with some skill and determined courage. Both were good hitters, and they were worse hit about the head than is witnessed amongst many second-rate pugilists. Nanny *jibbed a bit* in the twelfth round, and gave in from a dexterous hit down in the following round.

A smart and scientific boxing match took place at a *reconciliation dinner*, at a club-room, St. James's, for a *George*, betwixt a *gallant knight* of the thimble, a reputed *sparrer* of the *Belcheronian* school, against Power, the celebrated pugilist, who supped copiously at Deady's suit. The battle arose on the former having been offended at alledged disrespect by Power. The fight was contested with science and courage for ten minutes; when victory, which had never been doubtful, declared in favour of Power. Science, with superior weight, and equal game, must always be served: and Power, after stopping his adversary's right and left hits, returned flush at the head, which told hideously, and he won without a hurt, as is best explained by his afterwards beating Firby, yclept *Young Ruffian*.

Sparring.—Molineux had a benefit at the Fives Court, on Thursday, the 19th instant, and from the assemblage present, it was evident that he was not entirely deserted, as the Court was completely filled at an early hour, and the performances were superior to any thing before exhibited in the Court on any similar occasion; although the sets-to were but few, yet the amateurs had a treat in specimens of *real milling*. The first set-to was betwixt Molineux and Power, which displayed the science in its full extent, and was managed with courage on both sides, not unlike fighting for a stake. Power, by quickness, had an advantage in the set-to, yet dexterous flush hits were placed by both. The next set to was a novel one, betwixt Molineux and an athletic Nottinghamshire man, who has a fancy for boxing, but who in this case gave very unfavourable specimens of *wapping* talent. Molineux rallied him with quickness, and had the match his own way. The next match was betwixt the champion Crib, who gave his services in support of his vanquished adversary, by setting to with him, and it was altogether a bloodless imitation of the combat at Thissleton Gap. Molineux sparred in the same manner as he fought, and Crib received him the same as on that occasion, keeping a decided superiority with the right hand.

A RESPECTABLE correspondent, who professes to be a friend to the *feline race*, has sent us a particular account of what he terms a *milling* contest between two Tom Cats, the one a *glossy black*, and the other *white*, which, he says, took place at Isfield, in Sussex, on the 26th ult. The quarrel, it seems, originated in a love affair, and the conflict lasted for upwards of an hour and a half, during which time more than one hundred excellent rounds, with various success, took place, at the end of which, the combatants, both completely exhausted, crawled off, as if by mutual agreement, to their respective homes. The combatants again met, a few days after, about midnight, near the former field of battle, and engaged once more in a terrible conflict, but as the exchange blows could only be heard by our correspondent, the victory could only be judged of by the appearance in the morning of the competitors, and that he thinks pretty decisive, as one of them, the black, had lost a very large proportion of his flick, and nearly half his tail; while the white appeared very gaily, with only one slit ear and a bloody nose.

A SHORT time ago a farmer shot a white sparrow near Drayton, which he had frequently observed within the last twelve months, but could not before obtain his prize.

A CURIOUS circumstance lately occurred in the neighbourhood of Winchester, near the junction of the old and new river. The attention of a gentleman bathing was drawn to a part of the stream by a vast fluctuation of the water, together with a faint noise at if it were from an animal; when he came to the spot he distinctly perceived a close combat between a young otter and an enormous pike; it appeared that the animal had seized the fish on the back part of his head, and its immense tail caused the irregular motion and noise of the water. By the strong exertion of this vertebral power, which naturalists inform us is prodigious, the fish relieved itself from the bite of the animal, and in return seized its opponent by the throat, which drew from the amphibious creature a faint but shrill moaning, when suddenly the mother appeared, and put an end to the contest, by bearing triumphantly away to its retreat, this fresh-water shark.

Friday the 13th instant, one of the most rich and beautiful kinds of pyed cock pheasants in this country, was shot by Mr. N. Leadbitter, of Warden, Cumberland, which is now with John Wingate, of the Westgate, preserving.

ON Wednesday, the 18th inst. the gamekeeper of Sir John Thomas Stanley, Bart. of Alderley Park, Cheshire, killed nine woodcocks in ten shots, in the covers at Alderley.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are obliged to defer the continuation of "Winning Horses got by Sir Peter Teazle," till next Number; in which we shall also give the Nominations for the principal Stakes to be run for in 1812.

ERRATUM.—Page 54, last month's Magazine, 11th line from the bottom—next to "Arabian"—*read*—"Firetail of the older blood."

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

A NEW HUNTING SONG.

WITH raptures extatic Aurora we hail,
And joyous the well-furnish'd table assail;
In the Hall we assemble where plenty presides,
And Sloth's torpid son each keen sportsman derides.
Then prim'd for the field, we prepare to depart,
Whilst the bugle's blithe strains enliven the heart.

Chorus.

To be cautious or careful is nonsense and folly,
For life's truest end is to live and be jolly.

The hounds now unkennell'd rush forward to view,
O'erspreading the lawn richly spangled with dew;
Our steeds snuff the breeze—in our saddles we vault,
And the scenes that surround us our spirits exalt.
The heather-deck'd moor bursting full on the sight,
Imparts to each bosom a thrill of delight.
To be cautious, &c.

Hark! that burst of old Victor, what a soul-thrilling sound,
How eager they follow—hills and vallies resound;
Sly Reynard's strong drag attracts the whole throng,
And full to the cover they wind him along.
Here urg'd to decamp, he appears on the view,
And the dogs are cheer'd on by a thund'ring halloo!
To be cautious, &c.

The chase is severe, like lightning we fly,
Reynard's efforts are vain—'tis clear he must die;
Bold Calvin has fix'd thee—poor fool thou must fall,
And thy brush add a trophy to grace the old hall.
Now thy death is proclaim'd by the bugle's loud blast,
And homewards we turn to the welcome repast.
To be cautious, &c.

Round the table now seated our jokes we recount,
And toasts fly well wine-wash'd at Bacchus's fount;
Good humour and mirth on each countenance shine,
And glees, jokes, and songs, give a zest to the wine.
Making most of our time we reject gloomy sorrow,
And look forward with hopes to the sports of to-morrow.
To be cautious, &c.

A NEW LOUTH COURSING SONG.

By the Rev. MR. WILLS.

Slow March.—Introduction.

LET our troops and our tars,
Meet the rage of the wars,
Fought on Portugal's coast and in Spain.
Let the tyrant of France,
With his blood-hounds advance,
Still to prey on each peaceful domain.

But brave Wellington's near,
To check their career,
Well appointed to combat the foe:

Like

Like him we'll pursue,
With our victims in view,
And the hills shall re-echo—Soho!

Quick Movement.

'Tis for exercise, air,
That we course the fleet hare,
Rosy health fancied ailments derides:
As 'tis readily granted,
No physic is wanted,
Where strong convalescence presides.

To the fields then away,
'Tis a fine coursing day,
And each steed feels a wish to be gone;
But precaution's of use,
Try your girths if too loose,
And his shoes if they're well fasten'd on.

Puss springs from her seat,
And now you've a treat,
She runs in a capital style;
But I beg, my dear Robby,*
Do keep in your hobby,
Give her law, and she'll hold it a mile.

I'll bet, if you're willing,
Ten pound to a shilling,
Says PETT'NER, she'll make for the wood;
Cries WILSON, they'll turn her,
I plainly discern her,
She's now very closely pursu'd.

Historians have told,
'Twas from Nimrod of old,
That hunters their pedigree trace;
But what is their fame
To the title we claim,
ADAM EVE here unites in the chase.†

No topic prevails,
But who's luck, and who fails,
From some favorite bitch whence he breeds;
While puss, in the stubbles,
By well-contrived doubles,
The sleek nimble greyhounds misleads.

But her speed now increasing,
The contest is ceasing,
And soon she gets lost under cover:
By the groom's coupling hand,
Each dog at a stand,
A signal the first course is over.

March.—Finale.

Since our pleasures to course
We derive from that source,
Which our gen'rous friend Chaplin supports;
As we course o'er his ground,
We're by gratiude bound,
To hope he will long join our sports.

Quick Movement.

Then fill up each glass,
That a bumper may pass,
As the Muse by these presents sends greeting;
And enjoins us to say,
Let the toast of the day,
Be "Success to Louth new Coursing Meeting."

SONG,

Written by MR. LAWSON,

And sung by MR. EMERY, *on the day of presenting the Cup to the Champion* CRIB.

COME list ye all, ye fighting *Gills*,
And *Coves* of boxing note, sirs;
Whilst I relate some bloody *Mills*,
In our times have been fought, sirs.
Whoe'er saw *Ben* and *Tom*‡ display,
Could tell a pretty story;
The *milling bout* they got that day,
Sent both ding-dong to glory.
Singing fal lal la, &c.

Now *Ben* he left it in his will,
As all his *Palls* declare it;
That who the *Hero's* chair would fill,
Must win it, or not wear it.
No *tainted Miller* he could stand,
Right sound must be his *cat's meat*,
Who could not bear his hide well *tann'd*,
Was quite unfit for *that seat*.
Singing fal lal la, &c.

All nations came to claim the prize,
Amongst them many a don, sirs;
And *Billy Ward* swore d——n his eyes,
He'd *mill* 'em every one, sirs.
At Bexley Heath, it hapt one day,
He was beaten *black* and *blue*, sirs,
By one *deep* in the *fancy lay*,
'Twas little *Dan* the *Jew*, sirs.
Singing fal lal la, &c.

Bitton then came, a champion bold,
And dealt some *hard* and *sly knocks*;
But yet, when all the truth is told,
Some *rank* him with the *shy cocks*.

* Robinson, a famous Courser.

† Secretary and Treasurer.

‡ Tom Johnson and Big Ben both died of the blows they received in the desperate battle they fought about twenty years ago.

But

But prate like this we must not mind,
  A *Dutchman true* begot him.
Whoe'er has seen *Bitton behind*,
  Will ne'er dispute his *bottom*.
      Singing fal lal la, &c.

Of all the *milling Coves*, the crack,
  None pleases more than *Sam*, sirs;
Whose whiskers are of jetty black
  As those of *whip Geramb*, sirs.
So neatly *fibs* the *Israelite*,
  To ev'ry stander by, sirs:
Who must allow it is a sight,
  Worth well a Jew's eye, sirs.
      Singing fal lal la, &c.

We now must sing of *Belcher's* fame,
  Whose race was full of glory;
His *matchless* deeds I need not name,
  You all must know his story.
He beat the best *coves* of his day,
  But few could stand before him;
For he could *hit* and *get away*,
  If not—why he could *floor* them.
      Singing fal lal la, &c.

Champion of the *milling* corps,
  Next starts a true *game Chicken*;
His honours to the last he *bore*,
  But never *bore* a *licking*.
Till *tyrant Death*, man's greatest foe,
  Who mercy shews him never;
Hit poor Pierce a mortal blow,
  Which closed his eyes for ever.
      Singing fal lal la, &c.

Brave *Gully* made a manly stand,
  In science quite complete, sir;
He lick'd the largest in the land,
  And twice poor *Bob* he beat, sirs.
But tho' he's dropt the *milling* trade,
  His name we'll always chaunt, sirs;
We dont know one can *mill* the blade,
  But many a one who can't, sirs.
      Singing fal lal la, &c.

Next rings the fame of gallant *Crib*,
  A *cool* and *steady miller*;
Who late to Yorkshire went to *fib*
  A first-rate man of *colour*.
No matter whether *black* or *white*,
  No *tint* of *skin* could save him;
A horse's kick was pure *delight*,
  To the *belly punch* he gave him.
      Singing fal lal la, &c.

England's *champion* now behold,
  In him who fills the chair, sirs;
Who never yet a battle sold,
  Nor lost one in despair, sirs.
For in each contest, or *set to*,
  Brave Tom bore off the *laurel*;
Which, proudly planted on his *brow*,
  Says, "touch me at your *peril*."
      Singing fal lal la, &c.

Now fill your glasses to the *brim*,
  And honour well my toast, sirs;
"May we be found in *fighting trim*,
  "When *Bony* treads our coast, sirs."
The gallant *Barclay* shall lead on,
  The *fancy lads* adore him;
And *Devil* or *Napoleon*,
  Leave us alone to *floor him*.
      Singing fal lal la, &c.

THE STEWED GLOVES, AND THE DANCING MASTER.

A FACT.

A Dancing Master in a Country Town,
  Who for a famous eater was well known;
Once ev'ry week a ride was us'd to take,
And 'mongst his pupils round a circuit make;
But still so manag'd to divide the day,
That he to dinner might be ask'd to stay
At one Squire Brown's, whose man-cook was his friend,
And for his eating something nice would send.
On one cold winter's day to Brown's he came,
And warm'd him at the kitchen's cheary flame;
Then pulling off great coat, and gloves, and hat,
Says he to Cook, "I'm hungry, Tom, that's flat:
"I'm going now to teach the girls above,
"And as I know, kind Tom, for me your love,
"I trust that when I've done my task up stairs,
"With some *tit-bit* you'll sooth my hungry cares."
"Aye, aye," says Tom, "for that you need not fear,
"You always find a hearty welcome here."
Away he went to dance, and Tom to cook;
But when he came for some *tit-bit* to look,
He found the pantry bare; what could be done,
A thought he wants, and soon is bless'd with one;

For

For on his dresser lay the teacher's gloves,
(Turn not your noses up ye laughing loves!)
Of leather thick, and thick with grease beside,
Which blacken'd them from age on ev'ry side;
Tom was a wag at times, so up he took 'em,
And quickly set himself about to cook 'em.
First on his block he chopp'd them very small,
Then long he stew'd them down, gloves, grease, and all;
Put gravy to them, made them *very nice*,
And eke, I trow, infus'd each sort of spice.
Were I a Cook, I'd then describe to you,
In *scientific* terms this leathern stew;
But as I'm not, kind reader you'll excuse,
Poets, you know, are *not much us'd to stews!*
Just as 'twas done, down came the dancing master,
Nor dreamt his gloves had met with this disaster.
"Well, Tom," he cried, "you've got me something good."
"Yes, yes," says Tom, "I've stew'd some famous food."
Tom serv'd it up, and down the glutton sat,
Tasted the stew, and lick'd his chops so fat.
"Upon my soul 'tis good; this, Tom is kind,
'Such dinners for your friend you always find."
He ate away, and eating made him dumb,
Now gulp'd a finger down, and now a thumb;
For what had thus been stew'd he never guess'd,
But made a famous meal he soon confess'd.
"Well, Tom," he cried, giving the man a shilling,
"To be my friend I find you're ever willing;
"Just help me on with my great coat, and now,
"*Where are my gloves?* I've lost my gloves I vow!"
"Oh! no," says Tom, "you've got them I am clear."
"Indeed I've not, I'll swear I left them here."
"I tell you, Sir, you've got them," Tom replies.
"By G—d I've not," the Dancing Master cries.
Full long they argued, and much longer might,
If Tom, the Cook, had not thus set him right;
"Your gloves, good sir, you've got, this I can tell ye,
"You din'd on them! you have them in your belly!!!"

Dec. 3, 1811. J. M. L.

MY BOTTLE!

IN IMITATION OF COWPER'S "MARY."

SINCE first the world from chaos sprung,
Or infant lisp'd with prattling tongue,
A dearer theme was never sung,
My Bottle!

Thou parent of the social friend,
To mis'ry's self thou peace canst lend,
Or Stoicism's mind unbend,
My Bottle!

At Christmas feast or village wake,
When old and young their cares forsake,
Of thee, with rapture all partake,
My Bottle!

When sad reflections haunt the view,
What charms can *exercise* the crew—
The sleepless night and *Devils blue?*
My Bottle!

In thee I've found, experience knows,
(Thou cordial for severest woes)
An opiate for the mind's repose,
My Bottle!

When friendship from her aspect gay,
Tore off the mask, and fled away,
Thy smiles her falsehood did repay,
My Bottle!

If riveted in Hymen's chain,
From thee, assail'd by grief or pain,
I'd seek relief, nor seek in vain,
My Bottle!

Though wife should rail, and children teaze,
Whate'er domestic feuds displease,
Thee with avidity I'd seize,
My Bottle!

All sublunary care and strife,
With faithless friend, or frowning wife,
Thou canst dispel, and give new life,
My Bottle!

Oh! then, *thro' life* my steps attend,
And while its weary course I bend,
I'll prize thee as my only friend!
My Bottle!